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ALL NEW STORIES

SEPT. NO. 208



ACTION COMICS

Featuring
**"The MAGIC
OF MR.
MXYZTPLK!"**

WHAT'S THE NAME
OF THE ANCIENT
KING WHOSE STATUE
YOU JUST DUG UP,
SUPERMAN?

HA! HA! HA!
THAT NAME IS
SUPERMAN
SPELLED
BACKWARDS--AND
THE MOMENT HE
SAYS IT, HE'LL
VANISH FROM
EARTH!



SUPERMAN



REMEMBER, MR. MXYZTPLK-- THE IMP FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION WHOSE PRANKS MAKE TROUBLE WHEN HE VISITS OUR WORLD -- AND WHO CAN BE FORCED TO LEAVE ONLY WHEN SUPERMAN TRICKS HIM INTO SAYING HIS NAME BACKWARDS?

WELL, THIS TIME THE TURNS ARE TABLED--OOPS--

WE MEAN THE TABLES ARE TURNED!

EVERYTHING GETS REVERSED WHEN

MR. MXYZTPLK IS INVOLVED--

ESPECIALLY THE

MAN OF STEEL

AS HE FACES..

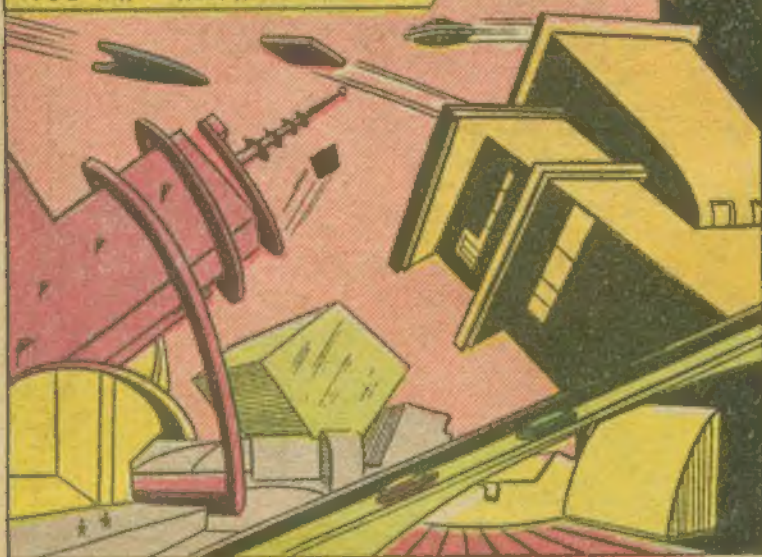
THE MAGIC OF MR. MXYZTPLK

ACTION COMICS, No. 208, Sept., 1955. Published monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Illinois under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates

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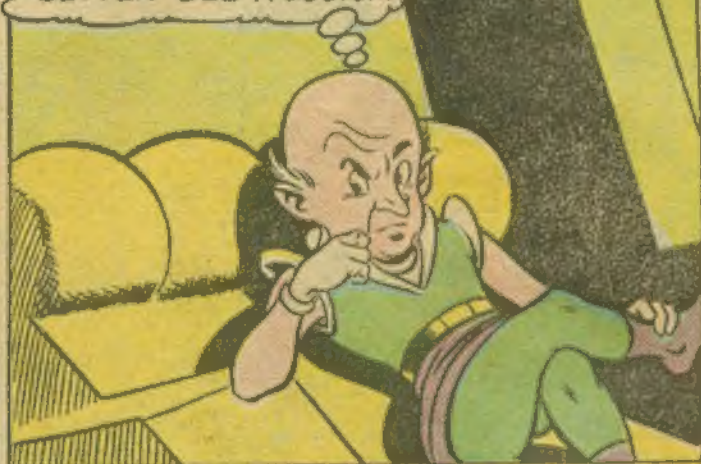
Printed in U.S.A.

THINGS SEEM A LITTLE STRANGE--DON'T THEY? WELL--DON'T BE ALARMED! YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE WEIRD FIFTH DIMENSIONAL WORLD INHABITED BY THAT MISCHIEVOUS IMP--MR. MXYZTPLK!



AND HERE'S MR. MXYZTPLK HIMSELF--THE PIXIE WHOSE PRANKS IN OUR THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD HAVE OFTEN DRIVEN SUPERMAN FRANTIC!

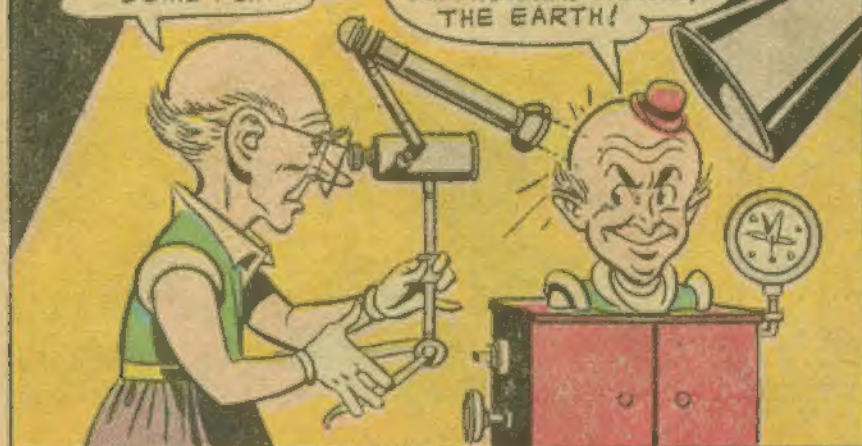
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG--I'M NOT FEELING MYSELF. I'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR!



NO--MR. MXYZTPLK JUST DOESN'T SEEM THE MERRY MISCHIEF-MAKER WE'VE KNOWN IN THE PAST--AND THERE SEEMS TO BE A REASON FOR IT!

HMM... NO WONDER! TOO MUCH WORK! YOU NEED SOME FUN!

I KNOW JUST WHERE TO GET IT, TOO--IN THAT QUIANT THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD, THE EARTH!

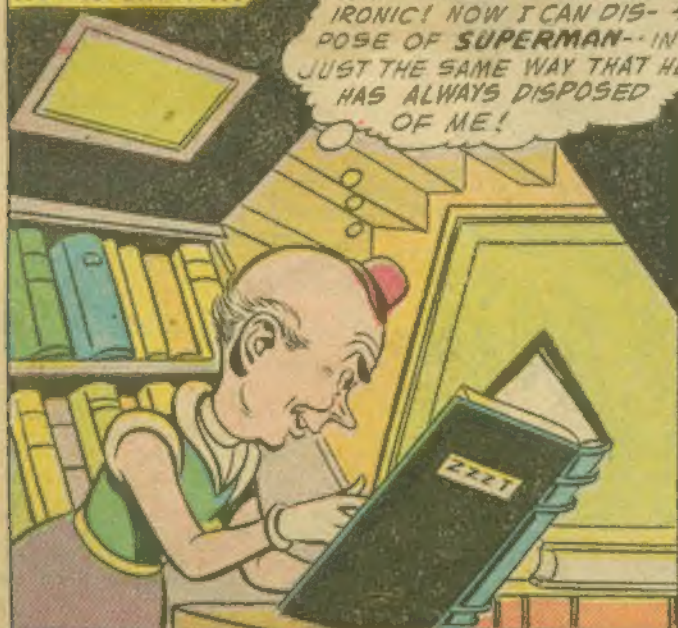


THE ONLY TROUBLE IS--**SUPERMAN!** WHENEVER I START HAVING FUN **THERE**, HE TRICKS ME INTO SAYING MY NAME BACKWARDS--WHICH SENDS ME **HOME** AGAIN FOR THIRTY DAYS! IF ONLY I COULD FIND A WAY OF GETTING RID OF HIM! HMM... A STUDY OF FIFTH-DIMENSION MAGIC MAY HELP!



HOURS LATER...

AAH--THIS IS IT! AND HOW IRONIC! NOW I CAN DISPOSE OF **SUPERMAN**--IN JUST THE SAME WAY THAT HE HAS ALWAYS DISPOSED OF ME!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THIS "QUIANT" WORLD, AN INVISIBLE MR. MXYZTPLK GLEEFULLY AWAITS THE MAN OF STEEL IN THE OFFICE OF THE **DAILY PLANET**, UNAWARE THAT **SUPERMAN** IS ALREADY THERE, IN THE SECRET IDENTITY OF REPORTER CLARK KENT...

SUPERMAN USUALLY VISITS THE OFFICE DURING THE DAY--AND WHILE I'M WAITING, I CAN USE THE TIME TO SEE IF MY LITTLE TRICK WORKS--BY TRYING IT OUT ON LOIS LANE, HERE!



PRESENTLY...

LOOK! A LETTER--
ADDRESSED TO ME!

THAT'S STRANGE, LOIS. WHERE
DID IT COME FROM? ALL THE
MAIL WAS GIVEN OUT HOURS
AGO!

JUST A SAMPLE
OF MY MAGIC!

WHY--IT--IT'S FROM A WOMAN WHO THINKS
I'M THE GREATEST REPORTER WHO EVER
LIVED-- AND SHE WANTS TO GIVE A PARTY
IN MY HONOR! AND-- WHAT A STRANGE
NAME SHE HAS-- MISS SIOL ENAL!



WHICH IS LOIS LANE'S NAME
SPELLED BACKWARDS!
AND-- WHEN SHE SAYS IT
IN MY PRESENCE-- SHE
DISAPPEARS FOR 24 HOURS
INTO THE EIGHTH
DIMENSION!

LOIS! WHAT--WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER?

NOW THAT I SEE IT
WORKS--I'LL GO OUT
AND LOOK FOR
SUPERMAN!

I--I'LL LOOK OUTSIDE--
SEE IF I CAN FIND HER...
AS **SUPERMAN!**



A NARROW ESCAPE, CLARK! YOU'RE LUCKY.
MR. MXYZTLK DECIDED NOT TO STAY!

LIKE--LIKE MAGIC--JUST VANISHED
INTO THIN AIR! ONLY ONE THING I CAN
DO--SCOUR METROPOLIS--USING MY
X-RAY VISION--AND SEE IF I CAN
DISCOVER ANY CLUE TO THAT IN-
CREDIBLE DISAPPEARANCE!

HOURS LATER, UNAWARE THAT HE IS FOLLOWED BY HIS IN-
VISIBLE NEMESIS, **SUPERMAN** RELUCTANTLY GIVES UP THE
SEARCH...

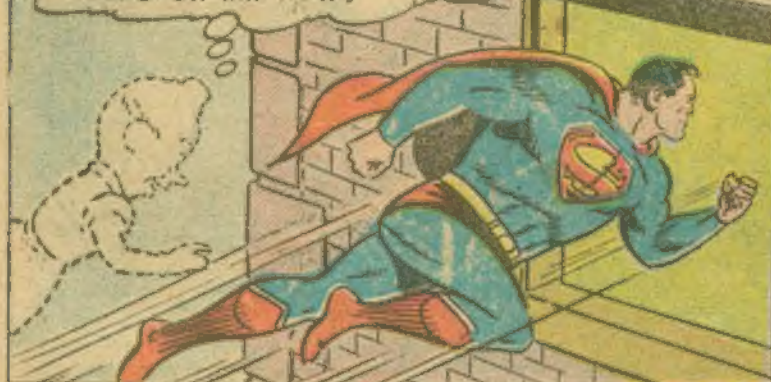
NO SIGN OF HER. I'LL
GIVE UP THE HUNT FOR A WHILE AND
REPORT TO METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY.
I PROMISED TO AID IN THEIR SCHOLARLY
RESEARCHES IN RETURN FOR FREE
COURSES FOR POOR STUDENTS!

NOW TO GET **SUPERMAN**
TO SAY HIS NAME BACK-
WARDS--AND GET RID
OF HIM--SO I CAN
HAVE METROPOLIS TO
MYSELF FOR A FULL
DAY!



SOON, AS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN ALIGHTS AT METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY...

I REMEMBER CLEVER WAYS SUPERMAN HAS TRICKED ME INTO SAYING MY NAME BACKWARD--LIKE GETTING ME TO THINK I HAD EYE TROUBLE--SO THAT I WOULD READ AN EYE-CHART WITH THE LETTERS ARRANGED TO SPELL MY NAME BACKWARDS--WELL--I'LL TURN THE TABLES ON HIM NOW!



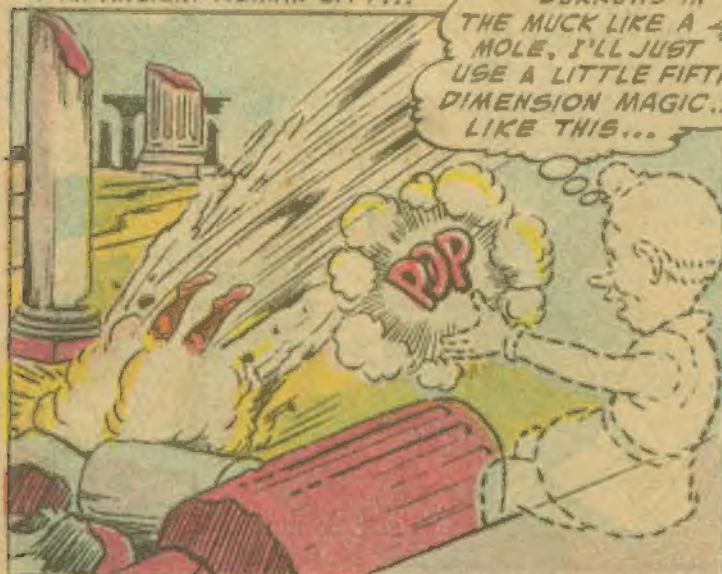
AND, AS THE INVISIBLE PIXIE WATCHES...

MY RESEARCHES WILL BE COMPLETE WHEN YOU FIND THE NAME OF THE ROMAN KING WHO WAS GRANDSON OF THE FOUNDER OF AETRES. CAN YOU DO IT, SUPERMAN?

I'LL TRY, PROFESSOR... CONVERTING MYSELF TO A HUMAN DRILL AND DELVING BENEATH THE EARTH WHERE HIS ANCIENT CITY MUST BE BURIED!



A LITTLE LATER... ABOVE THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN CITY...

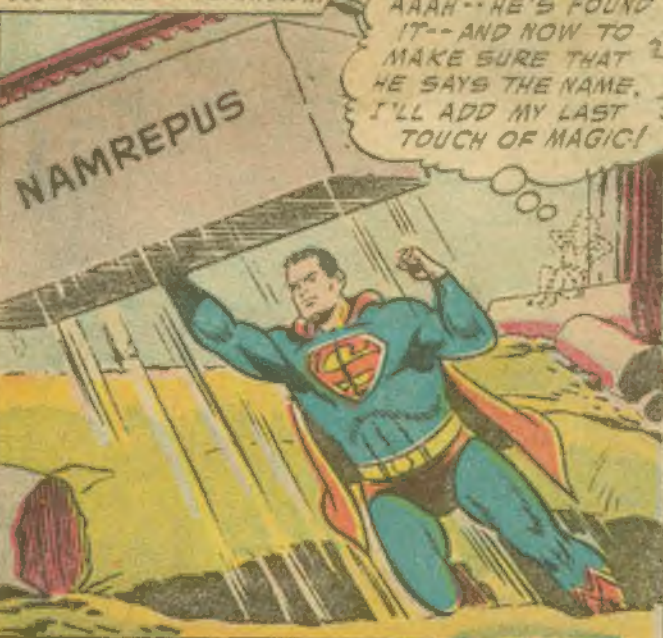


WHILE HE BURROWS IN THE MUCK LIKE A MOLE, I'LL JUST USE A LITTLE FIFTH DIMENSION MAGIC... LIKE THIS...

...AND LIKE THIS--AND LO AND BEHOLD--FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT ROMAN ARCHITECTURE--MADE BY THE GREAT UNKNOWN KING NAMREPUS--WHICH IS REALLY SUPERMAN SPOelled BACKWARD!



MOMENTS AFTERWARD...



AAAH--HE'S FOUND IT--AND NOW TO MAKE SURE THAT HE SAYS THE NAME, I'LL ADD MY LAST TOUCH OF MAGIC!

THERE IT GOES! CRUMBLed TO DUST! NOW WHEN THEY ASK HIM TO TELL THEM THE NAME OF THAT ROMAN KING, SUPERMAN WILL DIS-APPEAR AS SOON AS HE UTTERS IT.

HMM...THIS OLD MARBLE, DISINTEGRATED AS SOON AS I LIFTED IT. PROBABLY SO ANCIENT THAT THE SLIGHTEST JAR WAS ENOUGH!



SOON, AT METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY...

WELL, **SUPERMAN**, DID YOU FIND THE NAME OF THAT ROMAN KING?

I BELIEVE SO, SIR. IT IS...

AAH-- IN ONE SECOND, HE'LL BE GONE, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO PLAY ANY PRANK I WANT-- WITHOUT HIS INTERFERENCE!

HOWEVER...

...WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN THERE, **UNLESS**, AS I SUSPECT--THAT'S MERELY **MY NAME** WRITTEN BACKWARDS--AND A TRICK OF AN UNMENTIONABLE IMP I WON'T MENTION NOW!

WHAT?

NAMREPUS

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WHEN I HEARD HOW LOIS DISAPPEARED UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES AFTER SAYING **HER NAME BACKWARDS**, I **THOUGHT** YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

LUCKY I WAS PRESENT AS CLARK KENT. SEEING THAT LETTER APPARENTLY APPEAR FROM NOWHERE, AND LOIS' DISAPPEARANCE, MADE ME SUSPICIOUS!

AND WHERE IS LOIS?

SAFE ENOUGH-- IN THE EIGHTH DIMENSION-- FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS-- AND NOTHING CAN BRING HER BACK TILL THEN! BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY JOIN HER SOON-- WHEN I'VE TRICKED YOU INTO SAYING YOUR NAME BACKWARDS!

NOT WHEN-- BUT IF-- AND I DON'T CARE HOW YOU USE YOUR FIFTH DIMENSION POWERS-- I WON'T FALL FOR ANY TRICK OF YOURS! METROPOLIS WOULD BE A SHAMBLES IF YOU WERE FREE TO DO AS YOU PLEASED HERE FOR A DAY!

WE'LL SEE-- **SUPERMAN!**

YES, **SUPERMAN**-- YOU'LL SEE-- AND DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT YOUR ABILITY TO OUTWIT THE IMP FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION! HE'S EVEN MORE CLEVER THAN YOU THINK!

HMM... I WONDER. THERE WASN'T MUCH OPPORTUNITY FOR CLARK TO TELL **SUPERMAN** WHAT HAPPENED TO LOIS AND MAYBE CLARK DIDN'T TELL HIM. MAYBE HE **IS** CLARK KENT! IT'LL BE EASY ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIND OUT!

DAILY PLANET

PRESENTLY, IN THE **DAILY PLANET**, WHILE **SUPERMAN** SWITCHES BACK TO **CLARK KENT**, MR. **XYZTPLK** PAYS A SECRET VISIT ON EDITOR **PERRY WHITE**...

I'LL TRICK CLARK KENT INTO SAYING **SUPERMAN'S** NAME BACKWARDS! IF HE DIS-APPEARS, HE'S **SUPERMAN**! IF HE REFUSES TO SAY IT AND ACTS SUSPICIOUS AND NERVOUS, HE'LL GIVE HIMSELF AWAY-- AND IF I KNOW HIS IDENTITY, I CAN FORCE HIM TO DO WHAT I WANT!

A LITTLE OF MY MAGIC--AND EDITOR **PERRY WHITE** BE- COMES INVISIBLE--AND FALLS FAST ASLEEP IN THAT STATE. WHEN HE'S AWAKE, HE'LL HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF WHAT HAPPENED!

AND I BECOME **PERRY WHITE'S** DOUBLE! NOW TO SEND FOR **CLARK** AND SET MY TRAP!

SOON... AS **CLARK** WALKS IN TO SEE "PERRY" INSPECTING A HEADLINE MADE OF INDIVIDUAL LETTERS OF TYPE.

YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF?

YES. I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS HEADLINE. COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I SEND IT BACK TO THE COMPOSING ROOM FOR PRINTING!

OOPS-- SORRY!

CLUMSY OAF! PICK UP THOSE LETTERS AT ONCE! I'VE GOT A DEADLINE TO MEET!

READ THEM OFF TO ME AS YOU HAND THEM OVER. I WANT TO KNOW JUST WHERE TO PUT THEM. AND HURRY!

CERTAINLY. HERE'S N-A-M-R-E...

CAREFUL, CLARK! YOU'RE NOT ONLY ABOUT TO PROPEL YOURSELF INTO THE EIGHTH DIMENSION... YOU'RE ALSO GIVING AWAY YOUR IDENTITY!



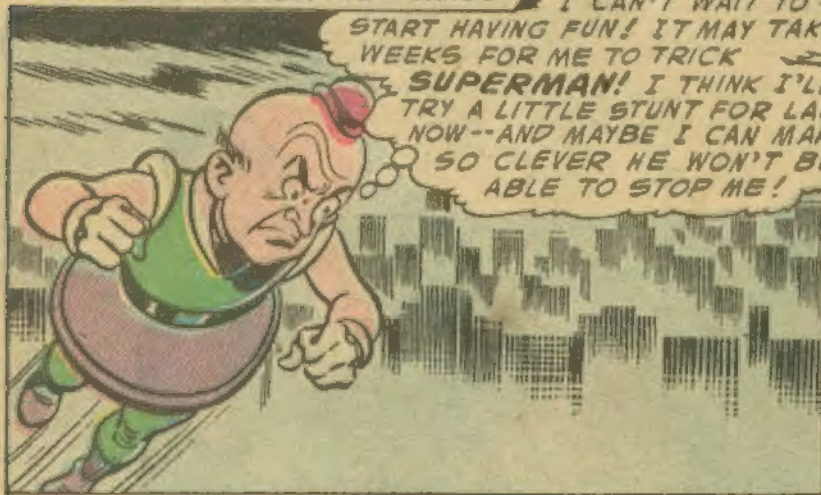
I DAREN'T SAY S--YET--IF I REFUSE
TO, HE'LL BE SURE CLARK IS SUPERMAN!
WHAT A FIX! I'LL HAVE TO THINK--
FAST--AND THEN ACT-- EVEN
FASTER!



I JUST USED MY SUPER-STRENGTH
TO UNBEND THE LETTER "S" INTO
A STRAIGHT PIECE OF METAL, THEN
SQUEEZED IT BACK INTO THE SHAPE
OF A U!

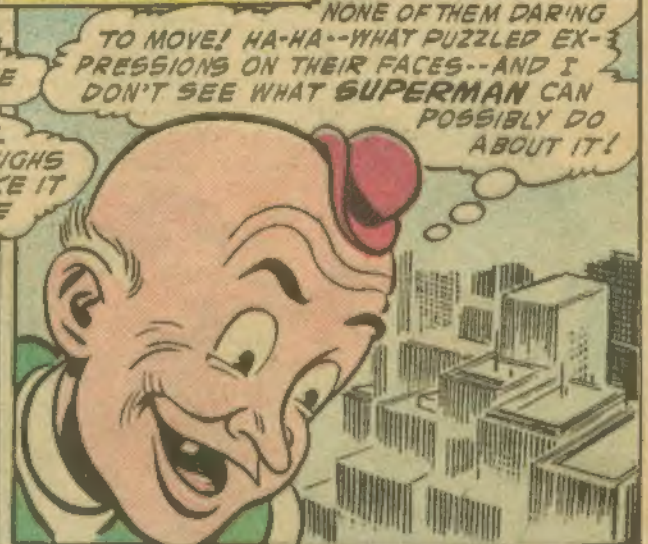


AND, AS **SUPERMAN** CONGRATULATES HIMSELF ON A NARROW ESCAPE, AN EMBITTERED **MR. MXYZTPLK** DECIDES TO ALTER HIS PLANS!



I CAN'T WAIT TO START HAVING FUN! IT MAY TAKE WEEKS FOR ME TO TRICK **SUPERMAN**! I THINK I'LL TRY A LITTLE STUNT FOR LAUGHS NOW--AND MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT SO CLEVER HE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ME!

MOMENTS LATER... HA-HA! LOOK AT THEM.



NONE OF THEM DARING TO MOVE! HA-HA--WHAT PUZZLED EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FACES--AND I DON'T SEE WHAT **SUPERMAN** CAN POSSIBLY DO ABOUT IT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

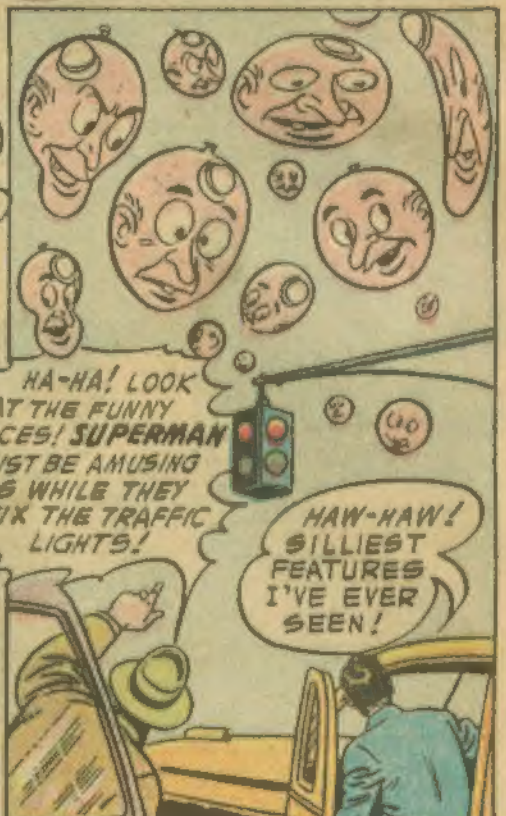
YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! ALL OVER THE CITY--EVERY TRAFFIC LIGHT--RED! NOT A WHEEL MOVING!



IT'S THAT IMP'S WORK AGAIN, HMM... WHAT CAN I DO? I COULD MAKE SOME OF THE LIGHTS GREEN--BUT AS SOON AS I FINISHED ONE, HE'D TURN IT RED AGAIN!

FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE MAN OF STEEL PONDERES, AND THEN...

THAT'S WHAT I NEED--THOUSANDS OF BALLOONS--AND SOME PAINT!



HA-HA! LOOK AT THE FUNNY FACES! **SUPERMAN** MUST BE AMUSING US WHILE THEY FIX THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

HAW-HAW! SILLIEST FEATURES I'VE EVER SEEN!

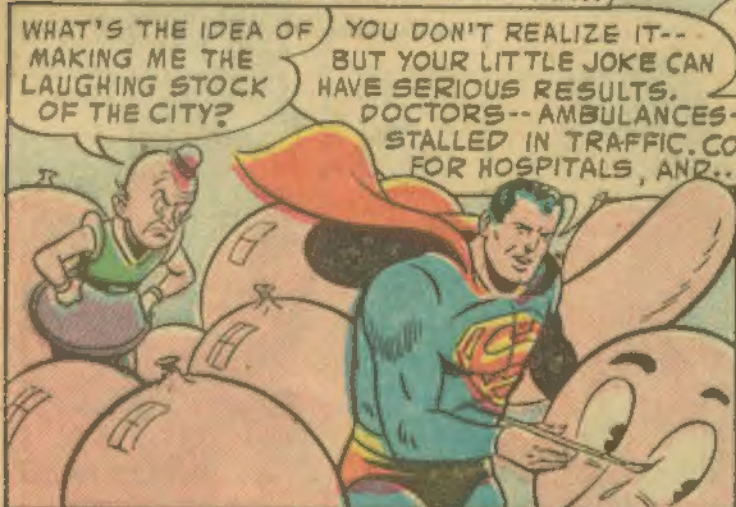
YES--AND IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE **SUPERMAN'S** COUNTER-ATTACK BRINGS RESULTS...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF MAKING ME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE CITY?

YOU DON'T REALIZE IT--BUT YOUR LITTLE JOKE CAN HAVE SERIOUS RESULTS. DOCTORS--AMBULANCES--STALLED IN TRAFFIC. COAL FOR HOSPITALS, AND...

ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN. DESTROY THOSE BALLOONS, AND I'LL MAKE THE LIGHTS WORK!

MY PLAN WORKED! IF THERE'S ONE THING HE CAN'T STAND, IT'S RIDICULE! POSSIBLY I COULD MAKE METROPOLIS LAUGH HIM BACK TO HIS HOME--BUT THAT MIGHT TAKE EVERY SECOND OF MY TIME--FOR WEEKS!



SO--THE TWO ANTAGONISTS PART--THEIR DUEL STILL AT A STALEMATE...

I MUSTN'T BE OUT-WITTED. METROPOLIS IS IN DANGER AS LONG AS THAT IMP IS LOOSE TO CONTINUE WITH HIS PRANKS!

I HAVE FUN TILL I GET RID OF HIM! I MUST THINK OF A WAY TO OUT-WIT HIM!



NEXT DAY, AT METROPOLIS STADIUM, AS THE HOME TEAM PLAYS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP...

THANKS FOR AGREEING TO BE OUR CHEER LEADER, **SUPERMAN!** I'M SURE YOU'LL PROVIDE US WITH A SPECTACLE SUCH AS HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN. HERE ARE OUR CHEERS!

I'LL START RIGHT NOW, WHILE THE TEAMS ARE WARMING UP!



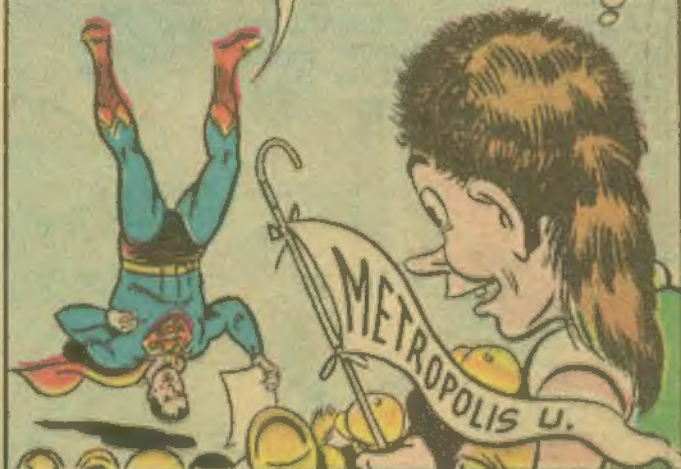
RIX RAX SIS
BOOM BOO
MET-TROP-TROP-OLIS!

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS! HE'S TURNING SO FAST, HE'S WHIPPED UP A REAL TORNADO!



A WEASEL A WOZZLE
A ONE TWO THREE!
A WIMPUS A WAMPUS
FOR VICTORY!

HA-HA! WAIT TILL HE READS THE NEXT CHEER--WHICH MY MAGIC PUT ON THAT SHEET!



MOMENTS LATER...

WHIM WHAM
HAY JUICE
NIM NAM
RE...

JUST ONE MORE SYLLABLE--
NAM--RE--PUS--AND
HE'LL HAVE SAID HIS NAME
BACKWARDS!



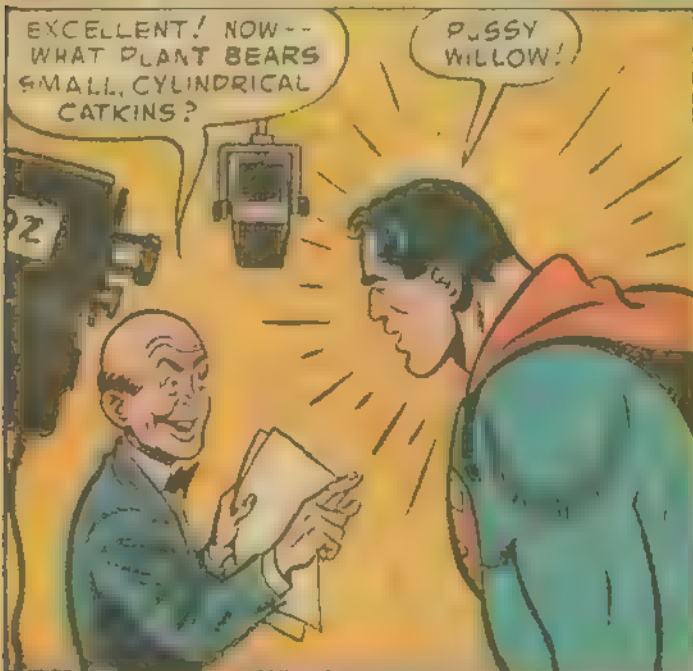
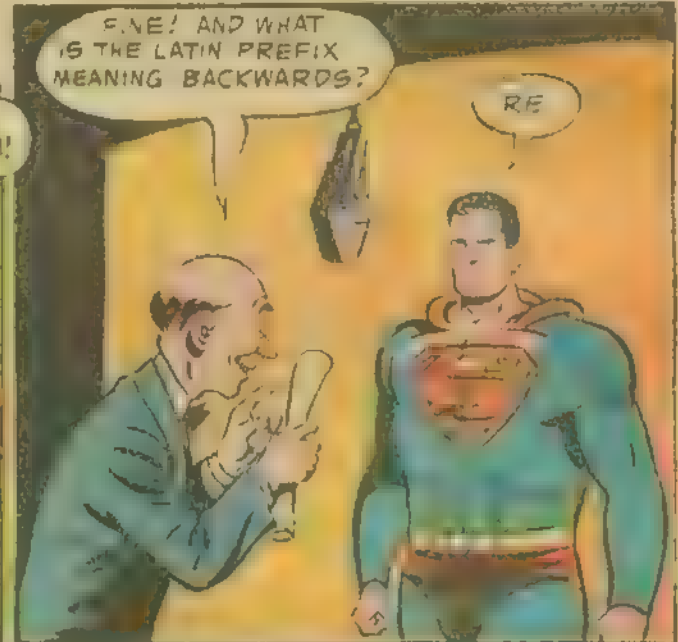
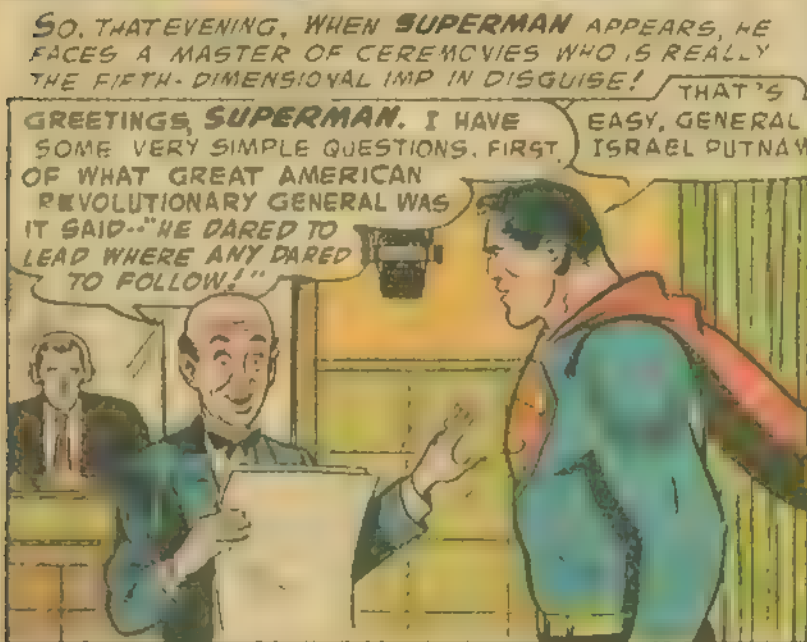
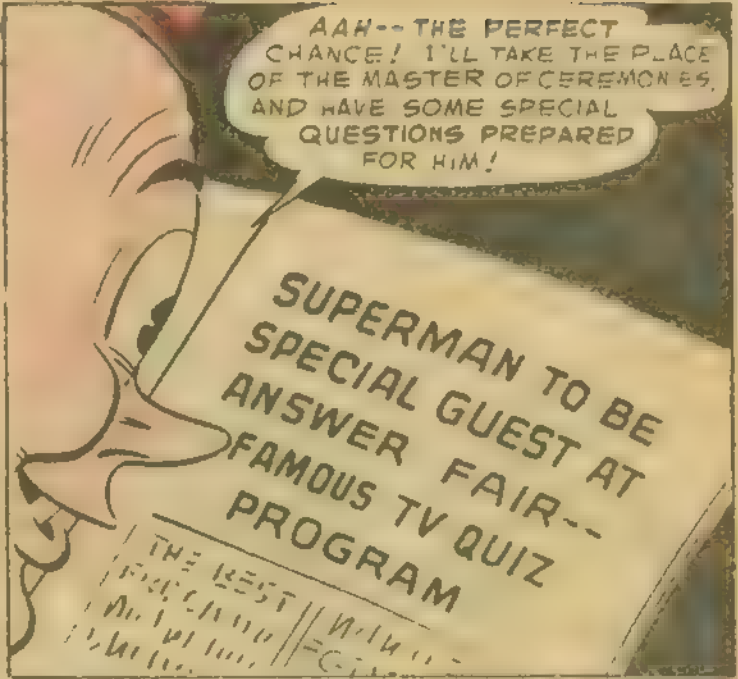
CAREFUL, SUPERMAN!

SUDDENLY...

HEY--YOU BLEW THE CHEERS OUT OF MY HAND!

REALLY MY OWN SUPER-BREATH BLOWING THE SHEET AWAY-- BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE FUN AT MR. MXYZTPLK'S EXPENSE! IT MAY MAKE HIM ANGRY--AND A LITTLE LESS CAUTIOUS THAN I WAS WHEN I SPOTTED THAT VERSE WITH MY NAME BACKWARDS!





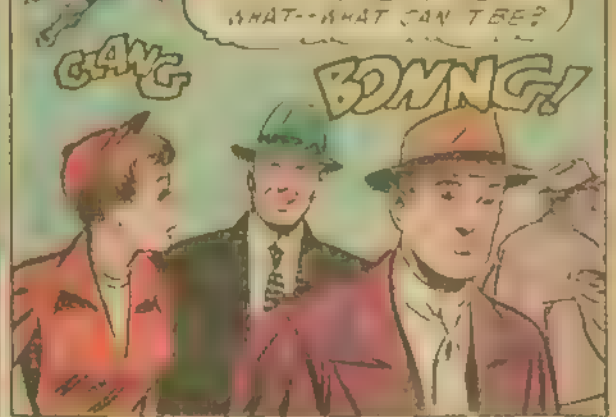
MOMENTS AFTERWARD, AN EXULTANT MXYZPTLK SOARS OVER METROPOLIS-- A CITY HE PLANS TO TURN INTO HIS PRIVATE PLAYGROUND

I GOT RID OF HIM-- AND HOW EASILY! HIDDEN IN THOSE ANSERS PLYNAM...RE...PUSSY WILLOW WAS HIS NAME SPELLED BACKWARDS! NOW METROPOLIS SMILE-- FOR 24 HOURS! AAAH-- WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE IMP YOU ARE, MR. MXYZPTLK!

LET'S SEE-- WHAT WILL I DO FIRST? TURN THE STREETS INTO CHOCOLATE MOLASSES-- MAKE ALL THE CLOCKS GO BACKWARDS? I HAVE SO MANY WONDERFUL PRANKS, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!

HOWEVER, BEFORE THE IMP OF A MILLION MISCHIEFS CAN PUT ANY OF HIS DEAS INTO PRACTICE...

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND; BELLS--BELLS--? RINGING--CLANGING-- SCREAMING IN MY EARS-- YET THERE ARE NO BELLS IN SIGHT-- NO ONE ELSE SEEMS TO HEAR THEM-- WHAT--WHAT CAN THIS BE?

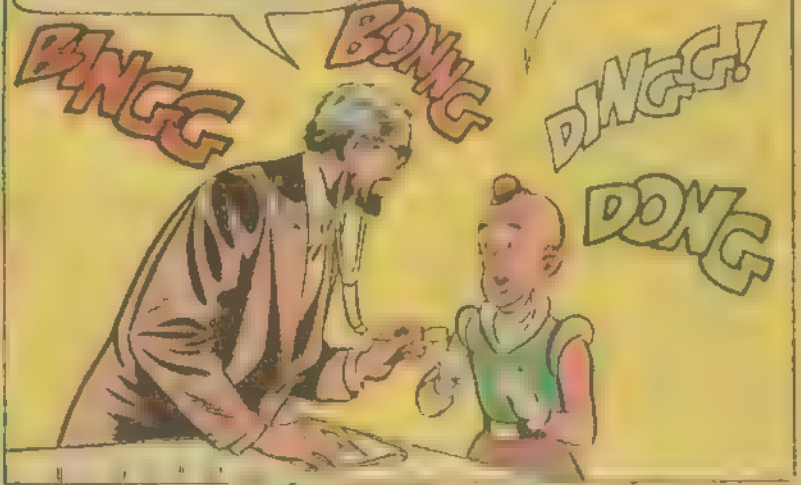


CLANG--CLANGGG! CLANGGG! I KEEP HEARING THEM-- MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG. MAYBE I--I'D BETTER SEE A METROPOLIS DOCTOR!

MOMENTS LATER

--WH... I THINK I CAN HELP YOU GO TO THE NEAREST DRUG STORE AND HAVE THEM FILL OUT THIS PRESCRIPTION.

YES--YES--ANYTHING-- ANYTHING TO GET RID OF THIS NECESSANT CLANGING!



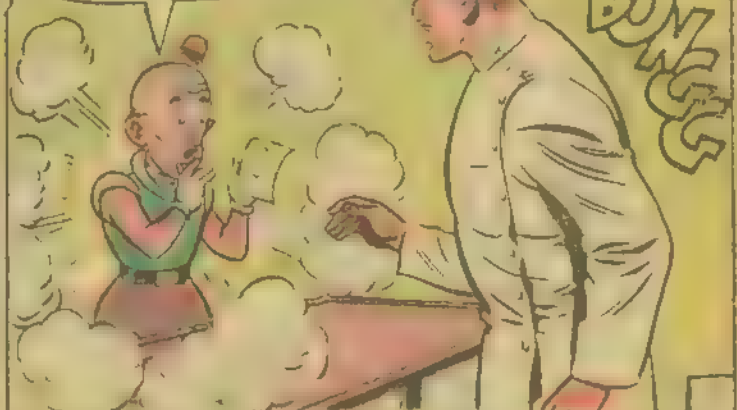
SOON, AT THE NEAREST DRUGSTORE

--MY SALICO-- NO GLICATE-- THAT'S NOT IT! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THAT DOCTOR TO RE-WRITE THE PRESCRIPTION MORE CLEARLY. I BROKE MY GLASSES AND CAN'T MAKE OUT HIS HANDWRITING... UNLESS YOU CAN READ IT.

YES--I'LL READ IT. CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER SECOND. BELLS-- DRIVING ME MAD!

SALIC ACID--THREE GRAMS METHYCHLORA-- A HALF GRAM--TWO GRAMS OF KLTPZYXM AND WH--WHAT AM I SAYING? THAT'S MY NAME-- BACKWARDS! I--I'LL DISAPPEAR INTO MY OWN DIMENSION!

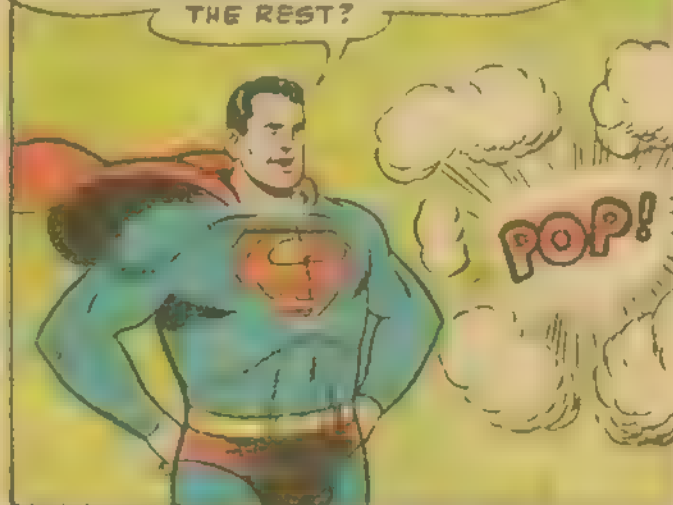
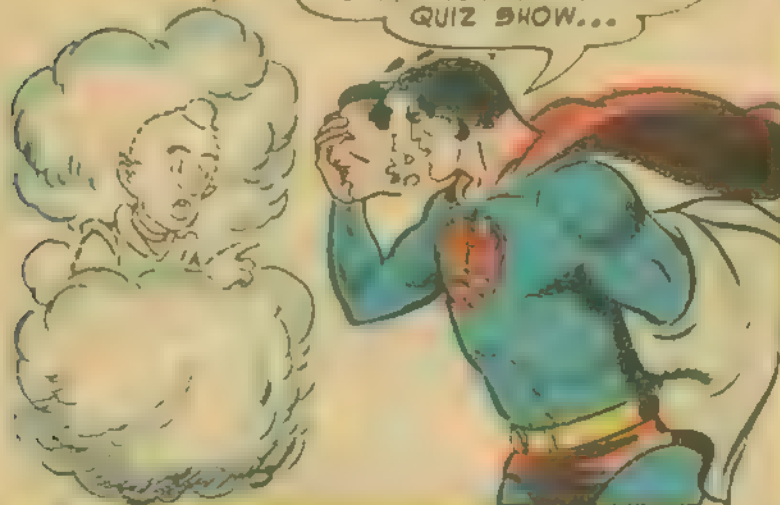
GO AWAY WITH MY THANKS AND GOODBYE!



YOU? B-BUT YOU
DISAPPEARED
INTO THE EIGHTH
DIMENSION!

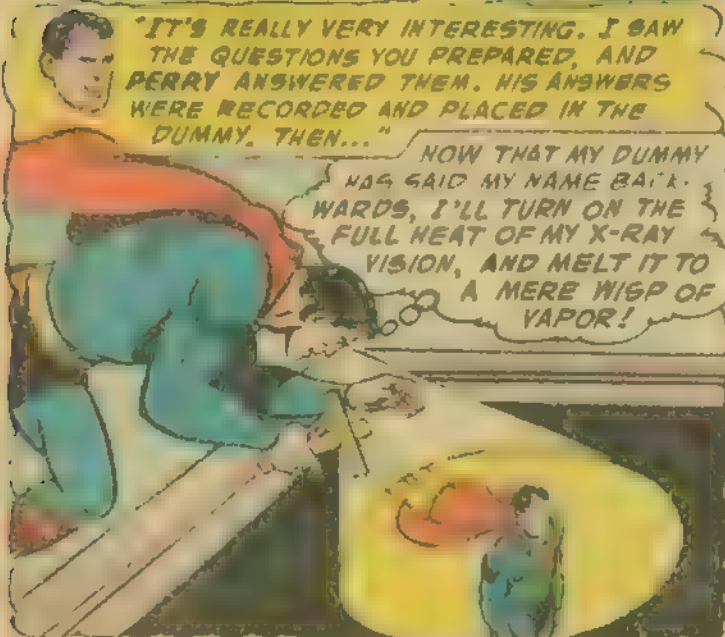
NOT QUITE, MY FRIEND! THAT
WAS A WAX DUMMY I MADE OF
MYSELF--WHICH I CONTROLLED
LIKE A HUGE PUPPET! I
PURPOSELY VOLUNTEERED
TO PARTICIPATE IN THAT
QUIZ SHOW...

...BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF IT, AND I REALIZED IF YOU THOUGHT I'D
DISAPPEARED, YOU'D BE OFF YOUR GUARD. AND
I'D BE ABLE TO MAKE YOU SAY YOUR NAME
BACKWARDS. DEAR ME... DID YOU HAVE
TO GO BEFORE YOU COULD HEAR
THE REST?



"IT'S REALLY VERY INTERESTING. I SAW
THE QUESTIONS YOU PREPARED, AND
PERRY ANSWERED THEM. HIS ANSWERS
WERE RECORDED AND PLACED IN THE
DUMMY. THEN..."

NOW THAT MY DUMMY
HAS SAID MY NAME BACK-
WARDS, I'LL TURN ON THE
FULL HEAT OF MY X-RAY
VISION, AND MELT IT TO
A MERE WISP OF
VAPOR!



"AS FOR THE BELLS, I PUT A TINY RADIO RECEIVER
IN MR. MXYZTPLK'S HAT, MOVING SO FAST THAT..."

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'M
MOVING AT A SPEED THAT MAKES
ME INVISIBLE, AND YOU CAN'T
SEE WHAT I'M DOING!

HA-HA!
I DID IT! I
GOT RID OF
SUPERMAN!



"AFTERWARD, I PLACED A TINY TRANSMITTER TUNED
TO THE SAME WAVE LENGTH, IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST
BELL FACTORY!"

EVERY SECOND THEY TEST NEW
BELLS--AND MR. MXYZTPLK WILL
HEAR EVERY SOUND AND ECHO OF
EVERY TEST! THAT'S HOW I MADE
HIM SEEK A DOCTOR'S HELP--AND
I'LL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE DOCTOR--
DISGUISED! AND ALSO PLAY THE
ROLE OF THE DRUGGIST!

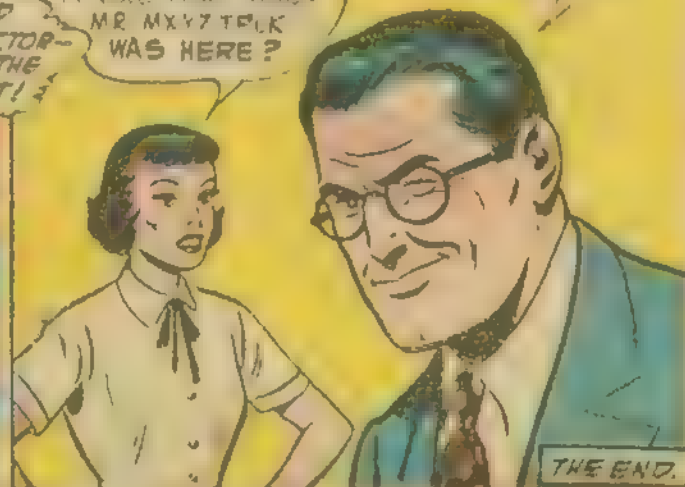
KLING!
KLING!
KLING!



NEXT DAY...

GOSH--ALL I DID IN THE
EIGHTH DIMENSION WAS
SLEEP! NOT EVEN A
GOOD STORY. WAS
IT EXCITING WHEN
MR. MXYZTPLK
WAS HERE?

BETTER ASK
SUPERMAN
THAT QUESTION.
HE HAD TO DEAL
WITH HIM!



THE END.

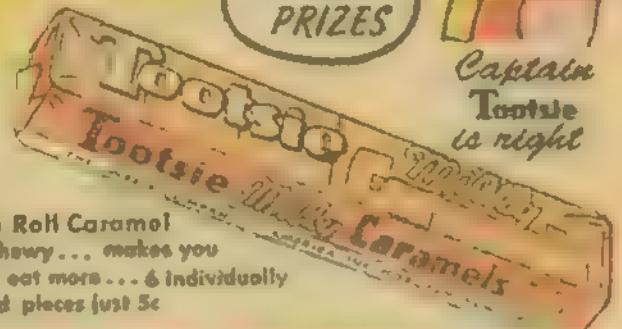
Boys! Girls!

ENTER THE BIG TOOTSIE ROLL CONTEST NOW!

WIN ONE OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES!



Tootsie Roll
America's Favorite Candy
Chocolatey... chewy...
long-lasting... 5c



Tootsie Roll Caramel
milky, chewy... makes you
want to eat more... 6 individually
wrapped pieces just 5c

WOW!
THESE ARE
SOME
PRIZES



Captain
Tootsie
is right



Tootsie Roll Fudge
creamy, smooth
... just melts
in your mouth
6 individually
wrapped pieces
only 5c



Tootsie Roll Pop
2 candies in one
... Tootsie Roll on the
inside... fruit flavored
hard candy on the
outside... only 2c



42 INCH NEW 1955 LIGHTWEIGHT ENGLISH BICYCLES

Truly a distinctive, grace-
fully light, but durably built
bicycle. Handbrakes, bat-
tery generator light, pump,
tool kit and tools. Three
speed gear!

20 Sets of BRITANNICA JUNIOR



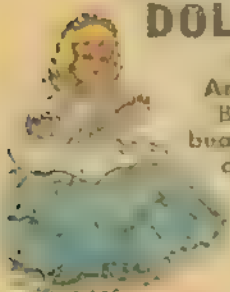
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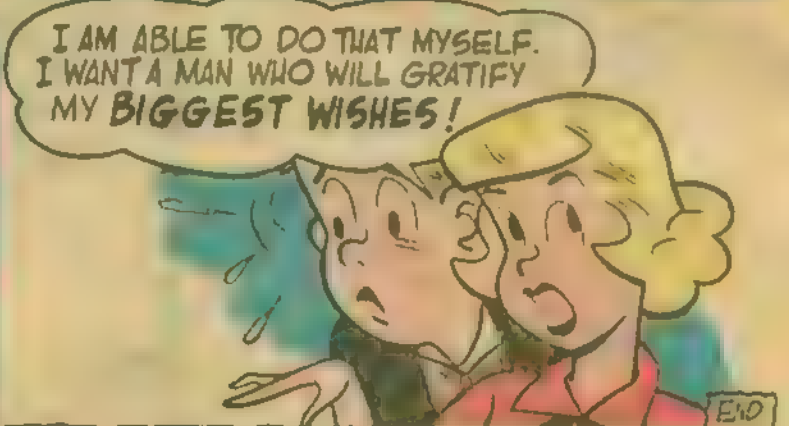
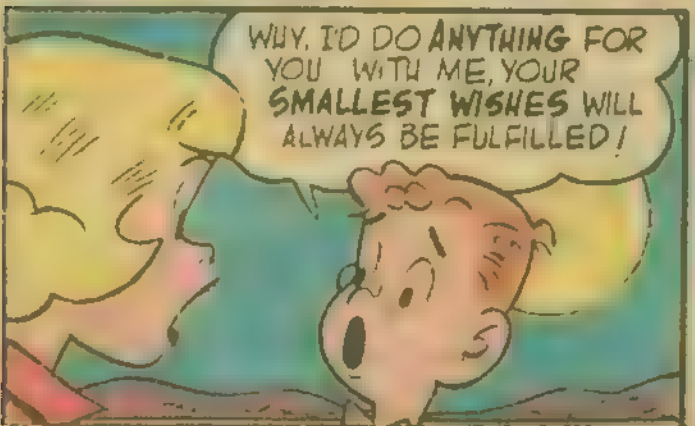
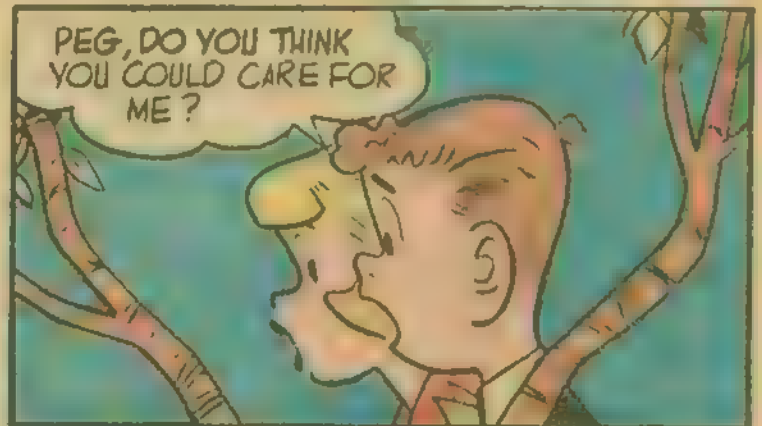
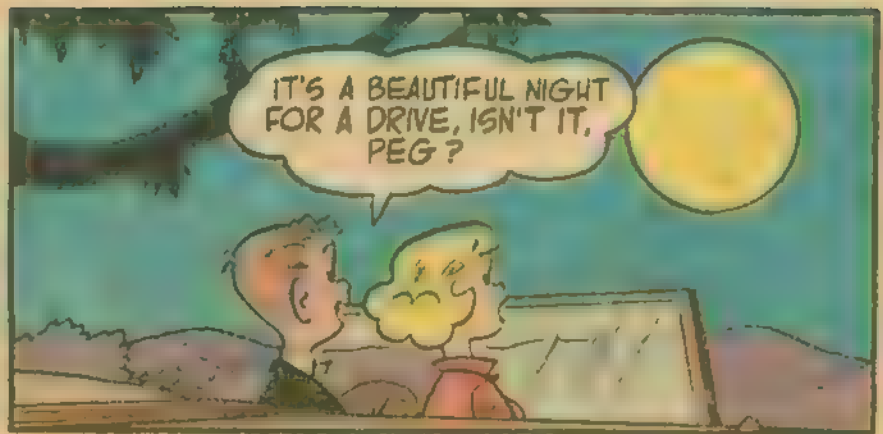
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LOOT
THE
UNIVERSE

Tommy TOMORROW

FELLOW
LEGIONNAIRES, WE
WELCOME TO OUR
RANKS -- OUR NEWEST
MEMBER -- TOMMY
TOMORROW!

I WILL DO MY
BEST TO CARRY
OUT YOUR GREAT
MOTTO!

A FROST MAN WITH A FREEZING TOUCH.
A STONE MAN SMASHING DOWN STEEL DOORS.
AN UNDERWATER FROG MAN, AND A FLYING
HAWK MAN... WHO ARE THEY? ALONG WITH
THE OTHER STRANGE BEINGS, THEY COMPOSE
AN AMAZING INTERPLANETARY LEGION OF
CRIME! BUT IF THIS SURPRISES YOU, WHAT
WILL YOU SAY WHEN TOMMY TOMORROW,
GREATEST LAWMAN OF THE 21ST CENTURY,
JOINS FORCES WITH THESE FANTASTIC
FELONS, IN A RAID ON

THE FORTRESS OF SPACE

AT
PLANETEER
HEADQUARTERS.
ONE DAY,
AS COLONEL
TOMMY
TOMORROW
AND HIS
CO-PILOT,
CAPTAIN
BRENT WOOD,
PAUSE AT
THE SPACE
BULLETIN
BOARD...

HOPE THE
PLANETEER
DRAGNET PULLS
IN THAT GALAXY
GANG SOON,
TOMMY!

GOSH, BRENT--
I WISH I
COULD HELP
RAISE THE
MONEY FOR
THOSE DESERVING
EX-PLANETEERS!

SAY... THERE'S AN
IDEA! I CAN EARN
HALF THE MONEY
BY TESTING THAT
NEW SHIP!

BUT IT'S DANGER-
OUS, TOMMY! AFTER
A COUPLE CRACK-
UPS, NOBODY
DARED TAKE UP
THAT OFFER
AGAIN!

WANTED
GALAXY
GANG
REWARD

NEEDED...
\$1,000,000
FOR
RETIRED
PLANETEERS
VETS HOME

\$500.00
PRIZE
TO FLY ULTRA-
SONIC SHIP
VOLUNTEERS
ONLY
APPLY SPACE
TEST PLOO
BURSA

YOU MAY BE RISKING YOUR LIFE!

WELL, DIDN'T THOSE RETIRED **PLANETEERS** RISK THEIR LIVES MANY TIMES, KEEPING LAW AND ORDER IN SPACE? THAT PRIZE IS WORTH A TRY FOR THEIR SAKE!

THIS, ANHILE LATER, AT THE SPACE SHIP PROVING GROUNDS...

WEAR THAT SPECIAL CRASH SUIT, COLONEL TOMORROW--JUST IN CASE! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT FANTASTIC SPEED IT HAS AT FULL THROTTLE... THAT'S WHY WE CAN ONLY ACCEPT VOLUNTEERS! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, SIR.. HERE GOES!

TOMMY S. M. FINDS THE SHIP FANTASTIC INDEED...

GREAT STARS! EVERYTHING AROUND ME IS LIKE A BLUR! I'LL HEAD FOR THE WIDE OPEN REACHES BEYOND!

BUT BEYOND LIES AN UNSEEN HAZARD..

THE DARK ASTEROIDS-- SAW THEM TOO LATE!

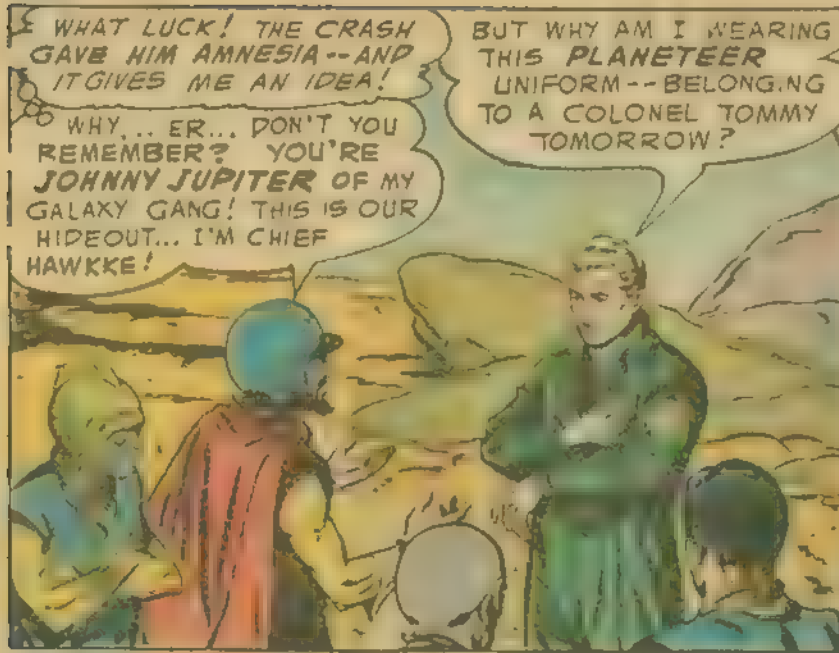
HIS LIFE SAVED BY THE CRASH SUIT, TOMMY LIES IN A COMA AS FGLPES APPROACH.

OUR RADAR SPOTTED A FAST SHIP CRASHING HERE! WHO S IT?

WHY-- IT'S COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS! SHALL WE SHOOT HIM?

NO-- WAIT... LISTEN TO WHAT HE'S SAYING!

UH.. WHERE AM I? AND-- AND WHO AM I? MY MIND... FEELS BLANK...



WHAT LUCK! THE CRASH GAVE HIM AMNESIA--AND IT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHY... ER... DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU'RE JOHNNY JUPITER OF MY GALAXY GANG! THIS IS OUR HIDEOUT... I'M CHIEF HAWKKE!

BUT WHY AM I WEARING THIS PLANETEER UNIFORM--BELONGING TO A COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW?

FORGOT THAT, TOO, EH? LISTEN CAREFULLY... YOU WENT TO "GET" TOMMY, ON MY ORDERS, AND AFTER YOU KILLED HIM, YOU TOOK HIS UNIFORM AND USED IT TO SLIP THROUGH THE PLANETEER DRAGNET!

I--I SEE, CHIEF! AND WHILE SPEEDING BACK TO ESCAPE, I CRASHED!



GOOD JOB, TOM... UH... JOHNNY JUPITER! I PROMOTE YOU TO MY RIGHT-HAND MAN, AND A DOUBLE SHARE OF LOOT!

PERFECT... THE GREAT TOMMY TOMORROW IS GOING TO HELP US IN OUR BIGGEST SPACE JOB! HA, HA!

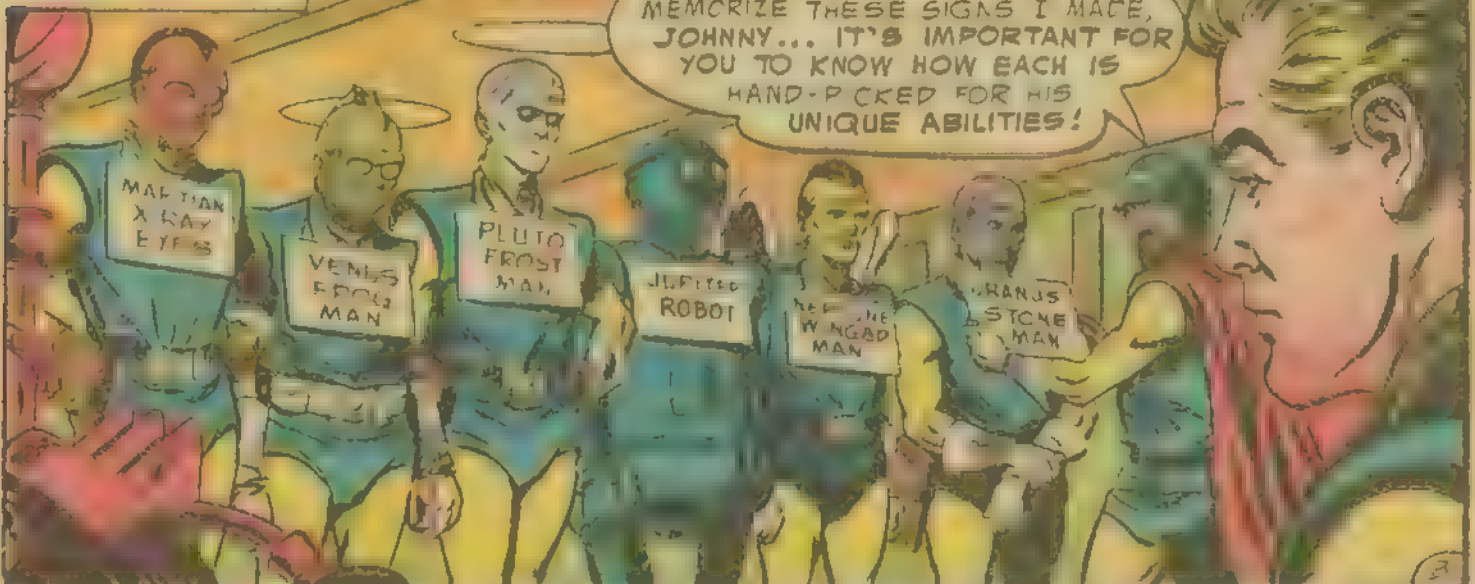
SO SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS...

WEARING OUR UNIFORM NOW, HE'S CONVINCED HE'S ONE OF US! BUT I WON'T GIVE HIM A GUN. I'LL PLAY SAFE, IN CASE HIS MEMORY SUDDENLY RETURNS.

GUESS YOU HAVE TO... UH... INTRODUCE THE GANG TO ME AGAIN, CHIEF! I CAN'T REMEMBER THEM EITHER!



TOMMY TOMORROW, ALIAS JOHNNY JUPITER, MEETS AN AMAZING GANG OF CRIME SPECIALISTS!



MEMORIZE THESE SIGNS I MADE, JOHNNY... IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO KNOW HOW EACH IS HAND-PICKED FOR HIS UNIQUE ABILITIES!

MARTIAN X-RAY EYES

VENUS FROG MAN

PLUTO FROST MAN

JUPITERED ROBOT

THE WINGED MAN

CRANES STONE MAN

AND SOON, THE ACE PLANETEER IS PUT TO WORK--FOR CRIME!

BUT TOMMY GACEA AND HIS TEAM COMES UP WITH AN INGENUOUS PLAN...

- ① ELECTRONIC ALARM SYSTEM
- ② METEOR STONE WALLS
- ③ BURGLAR TRAP FLOOD
- ④ FALSE DOOR MAZE
- ⑤ RED HOT VAULT LOCK
- ⑥ SUPER HEAVY MONEY BOX
- ⑦ SPACE SEARCHLIGHT

THIS IS THE **FORTRESS BANK**, FLOATING IN SPACE, WITH ALL THESE PROTECTIVE DEVICES! HOW CAN OUR CRIME SPECIALISTS ROB IT, JOHNNY?

HMM... A TOUGH PROBLEM.

ALL WORKED OUT STEP BY STEP, CHIEF! USING EACH MAN FOR A CERTAIN JOB, WE CAN CRACK THE **FORTRESS BANK** WHEN IT'S CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT!

HA, HA... WITH COLONEL TOMORROW DOING OUR BRAINWORK, WE'LL BE ABLE TO LOOT THE UNIVERSE!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE **FORTRESS BANK**...

THEY DON'T EVEN KEEP A NIGHT WATCHMAN THERE, BECAUSE IT'S SO BURGLAR-PROOF... THEY THINK!

GO FIRST, AS PLANNED, TO PUT THE ELECTRONIC ALARM SYSTEM OUT OF ORDER!

THE FIRST CRIME SPECIALIST DOES HIS JOB WITHOUT A HITCH... ANY CROOK

SETTING FOOT ANYWHERE SETS OFF THE ELECTRONIC ALARM-- BUT I CAN HOVER IN THE AIR AND SNIP THIS KEY WIRE TO THE BATTERIES! THE ALARM'S DEAD NOW!

AND ONCE THE SHIP HAS LANDED...

WITH THE HARDEST HEAD IN THE UNIVERSE I'LL BUT THROUGH THE STONE WALL, FORMING A DOORWAY!

NEXT TO DART IN IS THE FROG MAN FOR A GOOD REASON...

THIS AUTOMATIC FLOOD DEVICE WOULD STOP ANY OTHER BANDITS BUT ME! I'LL SHUT OFF THE WATER PIPE... THE ROOM WILL DRAIN DRY!



THE FLUORAL FROST MAN CONTINUES THE CHAIN OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY...

THIS RED HOT ALLOY, WHICH NEVER COOLS, CAN'T BURN MY FINGERS! I'LL CRACK THE COMBINATION BEFORE LONG!



A MARTIAN'S X-RAY EYES SOLVE ANOTHER BAFFLING PROBLEM...

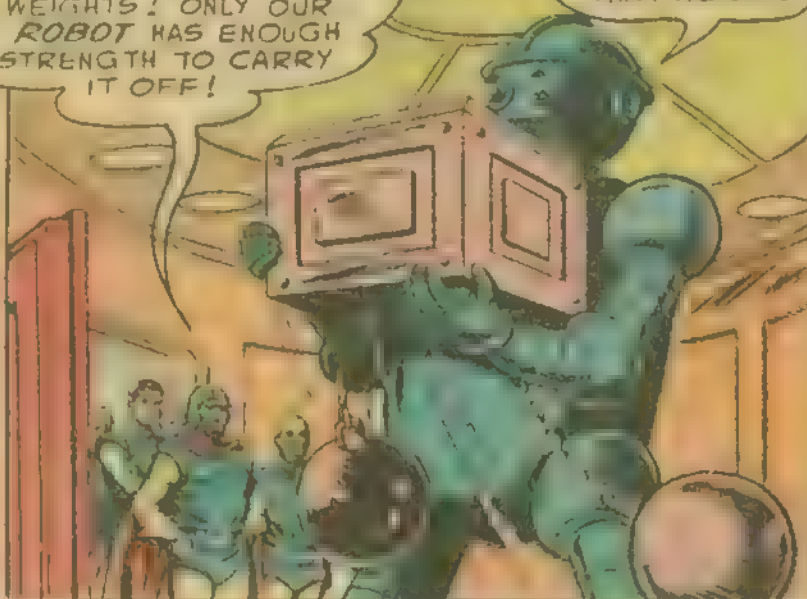
DON'T WASTE TIME BREAKING DOWN OTHER DOORS... THE MONEY VAULT IS BEHIND THAT ONE!



FINALLY, WITH THE VAULT OPEN...

THE MONEY BOX IS HUNG WITH SUPER-HEAVY WEIGHTS! ONLY OUR ROBOT HAS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO CARRY IT OFF!

TEN TONS AT LEAST... BUT I CAN LIFT TWICE THAT WEIGHT!



BEFORE REACHING THEIR SHIP, ONE MORE HAZARD DEMANDS...

THAT SPACE SEARCHLIGHT AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOWS ANY GETAWAY SHIP... BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, JOHNNY JUPITER!

MUST GIVE HIM A RAY GUN NOW... ONLY AN EXPERT SHOT CAN HIT THAT RECESSED LAMP!



BUT, TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE...

WH... I CAN'T SEEM TO PLACE MY SHOTS!

GREAT GALAXIES! THE AMNESIA'S APPARENTLY AFFECTED HIS SHOOTING EYE! NOW THE SEARCHLIGHT WILL FOLLOW OUR SHIP!





ACTION COMICS

ROBOT RADAR CONTROLS KEEP THE SPACE SEARCHLIGHT BEAMED ON THE FLEEING BANDIT SHIP, TILL FINALLY...

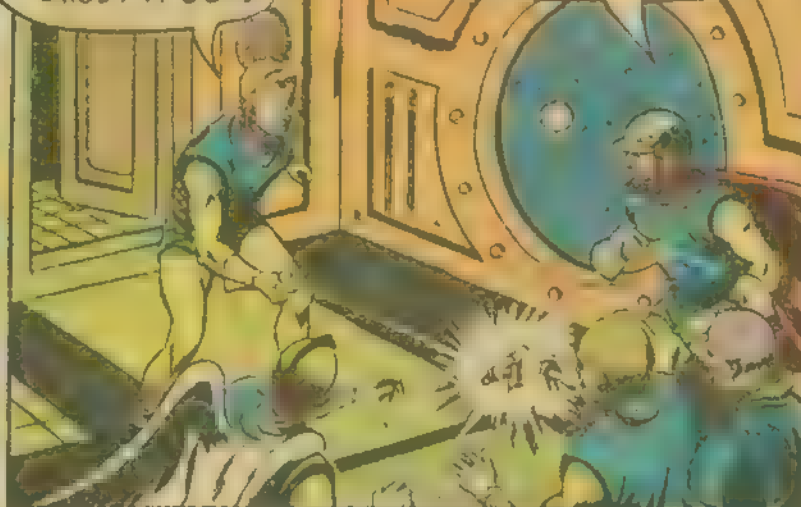
THE GALAXY GANG SHIP!
WE SPOTTED YOU A
MILLION MILES OFF,
IN THAT GLARE!
SURRENDER TO THE
PLANETEERS!



AND INSIDE, AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

YOU'RE ALL UNDER
ARREST! ANYBODY
ELSE WANT TO
SHOOT IT OUT?

GULF: YOUR MEMORY'S
RETURNED! W-WE
SURRENDER!



I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, HAWKKE...
I NEVER LOST MY MEMORY!
SUSPECTING YOUR HIDEOUT WAS
IN THE DARK ASTEROIDS, I
PRETENDED AMNESIA AFTER
I CRACKED UP! I FIGURED I
COULD "HELP" YOUR GANG
STRAIGHT INTO JAIL!

TH-THEN...
YOU WERE
TRICKING US
ALL
ALONG!



NOR DID TOMMY "FORGET" THE
EX-PLANETEERS--FOR SOME DAYS
LATER...

THEY DECIDED THE ULTIMATE
SHIP IS TOO DANGEROUS TO USE--AND
BY CRACKING IT UP, I DIDN'T WIN
THE PRIZE! BUT THE \$1,000,000
IS THE REWARD-MONEY FOR THE

CAPTURE OF THE
GALAXY GANG--
WHICH I CAN TURN
OVER TO THE
PLANETEERS
FUND!

PLANETEER
VETERANS
FUND



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

BMJS UNHSNHPNSL YMNX
XZRRJW, GJ HTSXNIJWFYJ
TK TYMJWX. QJFAJ DTZW
HFRU XNYJ JCFHYQD FX
DTZ KTZSI NY, XT YMFY
TYMJWX RFD JSOTD NY
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SUPERMAN.

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

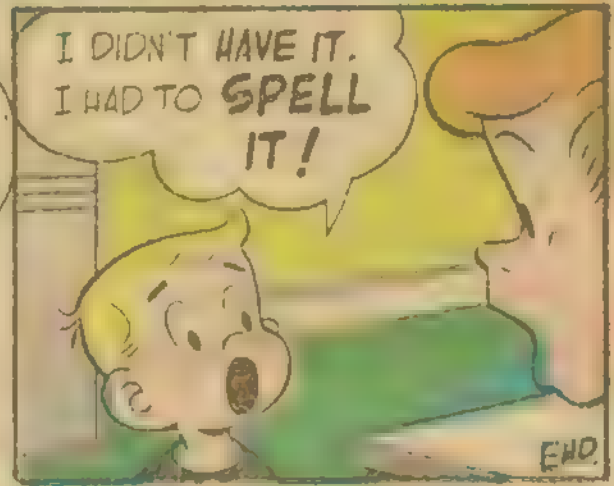
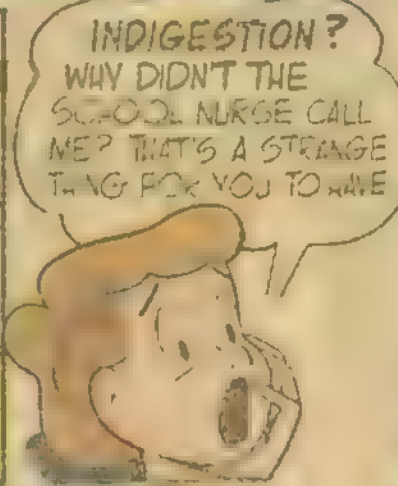
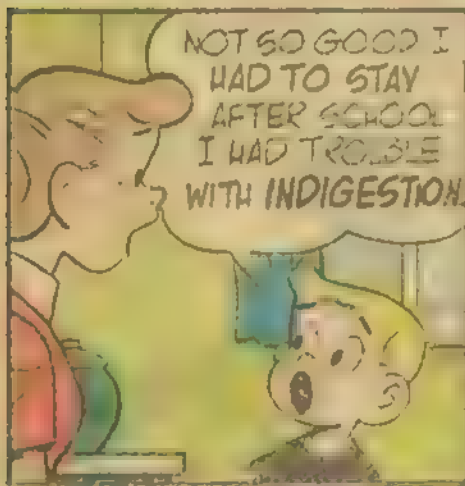
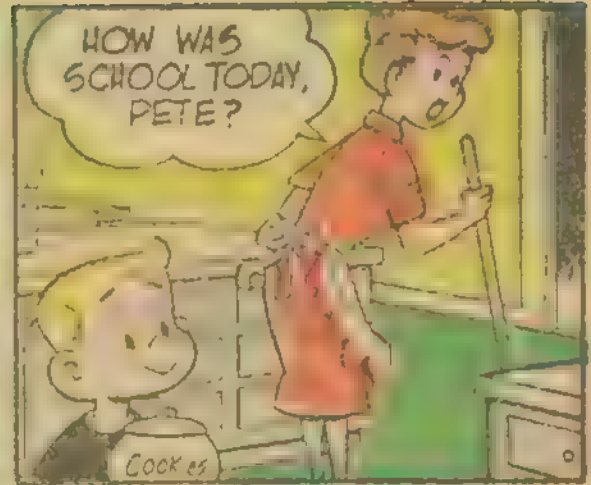
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

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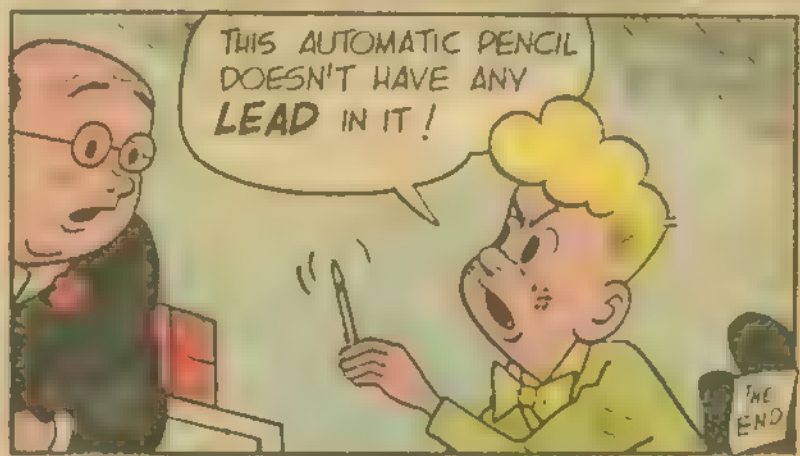
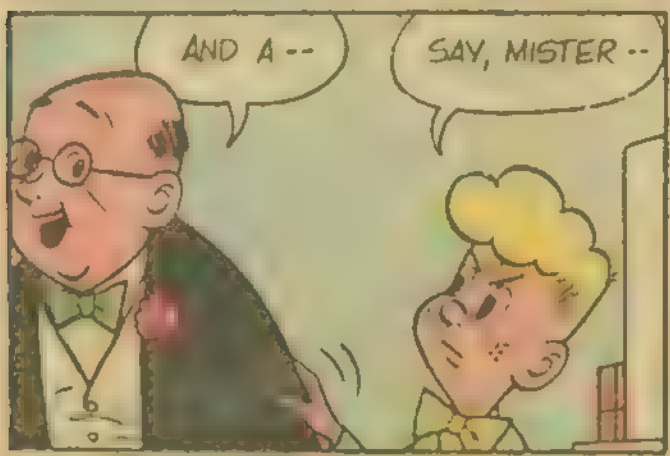
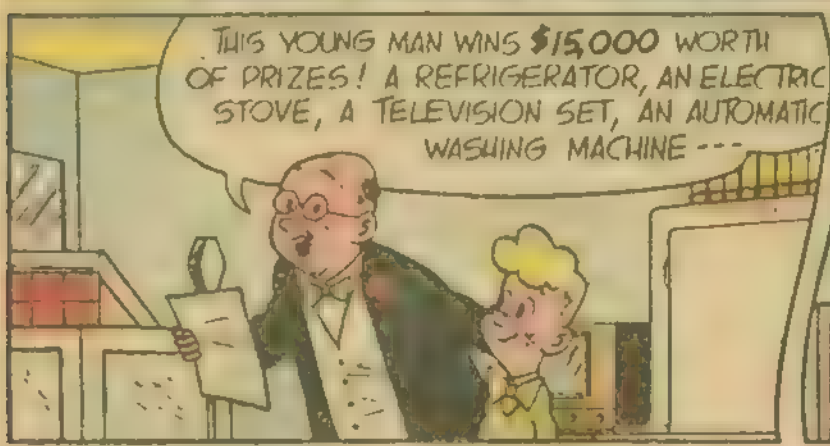
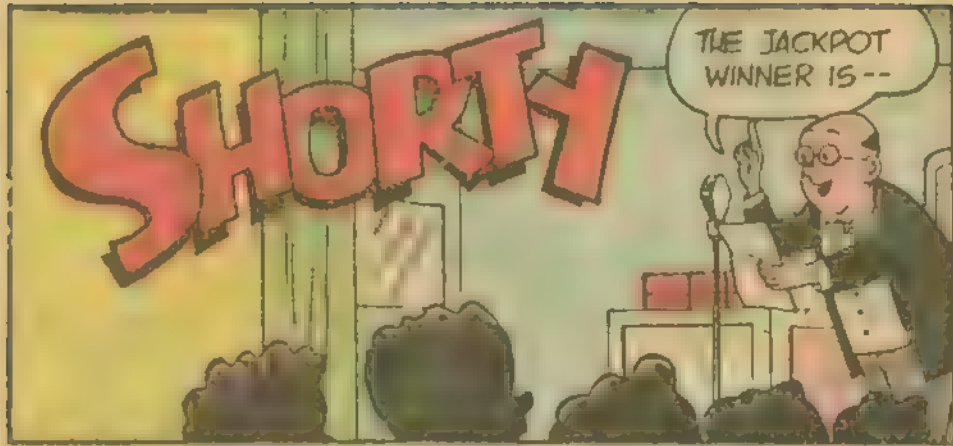
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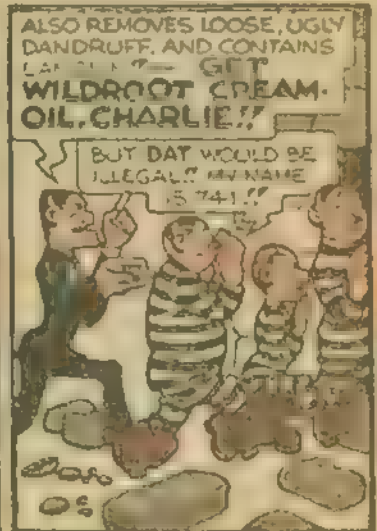
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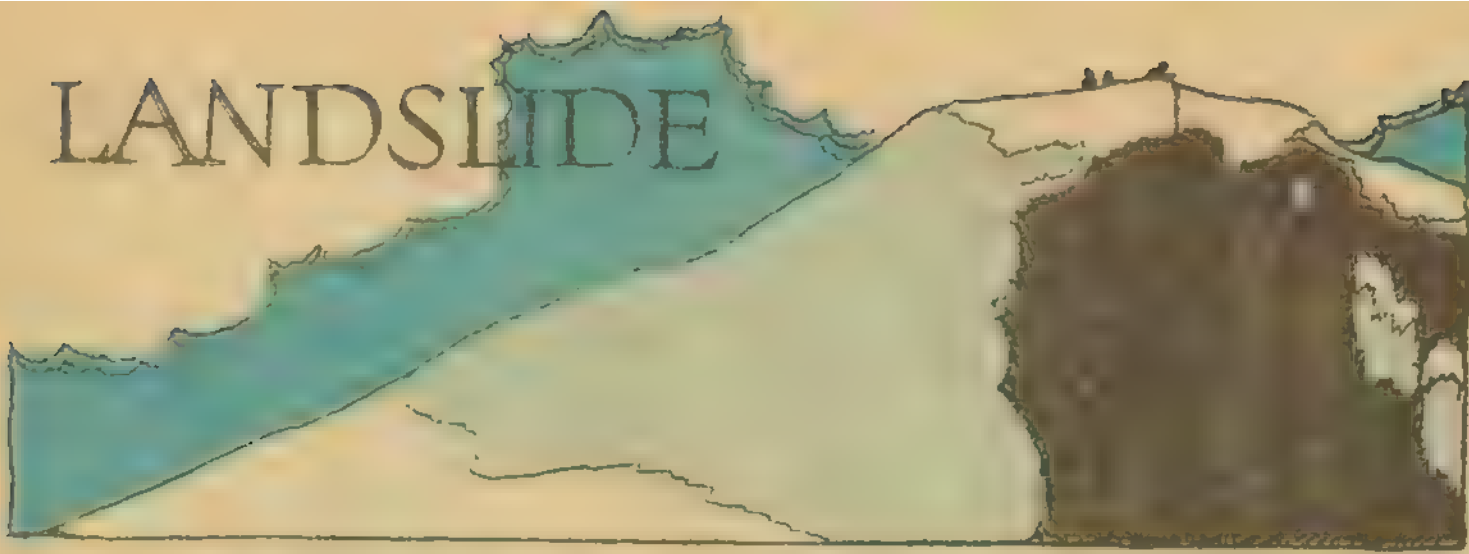
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LANDSLIDE



He Thought the Meek Geologist Was a Weakling, But He Came to Learn How Wrong He Was

MARK RADER had scrawled his name on the rock faces of mountain peaks that had stopped most other climbers. The summit of almost every important mountaintop was as familiar to him as his own name.

For the past five or six years, Rader had turned professional. There was good money, he found, in guiding parties up precipitous mountain trails.

Rader was familiar with the typical climber seeking his services. Usually, he was an eager-beaver who acted as if his very life depended on reaching the summit of a particular peak.

But Basil Davenport was different. For one thing, he was a scholarly type of man, in his early forties. No gleam sparkled in his eyes as he spoke of the mountain he wanted to conquer—Mt. Stanley in Africa's Ruwenzori Mountains.

Rader glanced up at his visitor at the mention of the peak.

"You should know, Mr. Davenport, that Stanley is almost 17,000 feet at the summit. Since it was discovered in 1888, only five expeditions have succeeded in scaling the peaks."

"But I'm not interested in simply climbing the mountain, Rader," replied Davenport.

"Then what do you want? And why have you sent for me?"

"I am a geologist," explained Davenport. "All I want to do is examine the rock formation in the caves of the mountain. As you no doubt know, they're located in a chasm entirely surrounded by steep mountainsides."

Rader nodded. "Yes, I know—the only way to reach them is to climb UP the mountain, and then climb DOWN on the other side."

"Exactly. What I need you for is to guide me UP. Going DOWN is my problem. I've done it hundreds of times."

Unlike other mountain chains, Ruwenzori starts right out with a steep ascent. And the tangled vegetation near the base adds considerably to the difficulties.

Rader was a first-rate guide who overlooked nothing. He had hired eight porters who carried the bulk of the supplies.

As the party inched its way up toward the perilous snow line, several weeks later, Davenport stayed close to Rader's side. And when the two men neared a narrow ledge, Davenport hesitated. Rader turned to look back at his charge.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Davenport looked sheepish. "This mountain climbing scares the daylights out of me," he admitted.

Rader found himself flushing with anger. "It's hard enough for us guides

taking experienced mountain climbers up without having to nurse you scholarly weaklings along!" he snapped.

Davenport said nothing as Rader tested the rope around his middle.

"Just make sure you don't step anywhere before testing the rock or ground first!" ordered Rader.

"I'll remember," muttered Davenport meekly.

Rader regretted his outburst of temper. But he was frankly angry with himself for letting the large fee offered him influence his judgment. Amateur climbers always spelled trouble, he knew from past experience.

Six hours after breaking camp next morning, Rader and Davenport stood side by side along a narrow ledge. When they looked straight down, they were unable to see the bottom.

Davenport pried loose a small stone from the wall behind and let it drop over the side. Both men listened intently. When, at length, they heard the stone strike below, Davenport turned to his guide.

"I'd say it was at least 8,000 feet, wouldn't you?"

"At least. And that's the way down to your cave. But I'm afraid you've made a useless trip, Davenport. I see no way to climb down."

Davenport smiled. "I told you that I would handle the trip down, Rader."

Saying which, Davenport signaled to two of the porters. One carried a large winch with a large roll of wire cable. The other brought forward three sets of portable phones.

Working carefully, Davenport secured the winch, anchoring it to a deeply-bedded rock on the ledge. He then threw the other end over the side. Rader knelt beside Davenport.

"You're actually going down over the

side?" he asked, incredulously.

"Only way to get down, Rader," said the geologist.

Rader gulped. "I—er—I'm going down with you," he said.

Davenport went down first. At 6,000 feet, he spoke into the phone: "I've touched a ledge. There's a cave in the face here. This'll do me fine. You can follow me down now if you want to, Rader."

Descending, Rader felt insecure suspended in the air at 8,000 feet.

When he joined Davenport at last, the geologist pointed to a narrow cave, the opening no more than a foot wide. They squeezed through, and Davenport began at once collecting rock samples.

"Be ready to move out of here the instant I give the word, Rader! These caves don't like to be disturbed."

The signal came 20 minutes later in the form of an ominous rumbling. "Out, Rader—quickly!"

The two men emerged and grabbed hold of the wire cable. At the same time, Davenport cried into the phone he wore about his neck: "Up—pull us up!"

Rader stared as they started to ascend. The cave was filling up with huge rocks. "A landslide right inside the mountain!" he gasped.

Back up on the ledge, Davenport gleefully examined his rocks. But Rader was staring somberly at the older man.

"Is this the sort of thing you do all the time? For a living?"

Davenport smiled. "The caves don't always collapse," he said.

Rader felt ashamed. "I—er—called you a scholarly weakling yesterday, Davenport. I'd like to apologize. I'd say it took a lot more courage to go DOWN the mountain the way you do than it takes for me to go UP a mountain.

—John Michaels

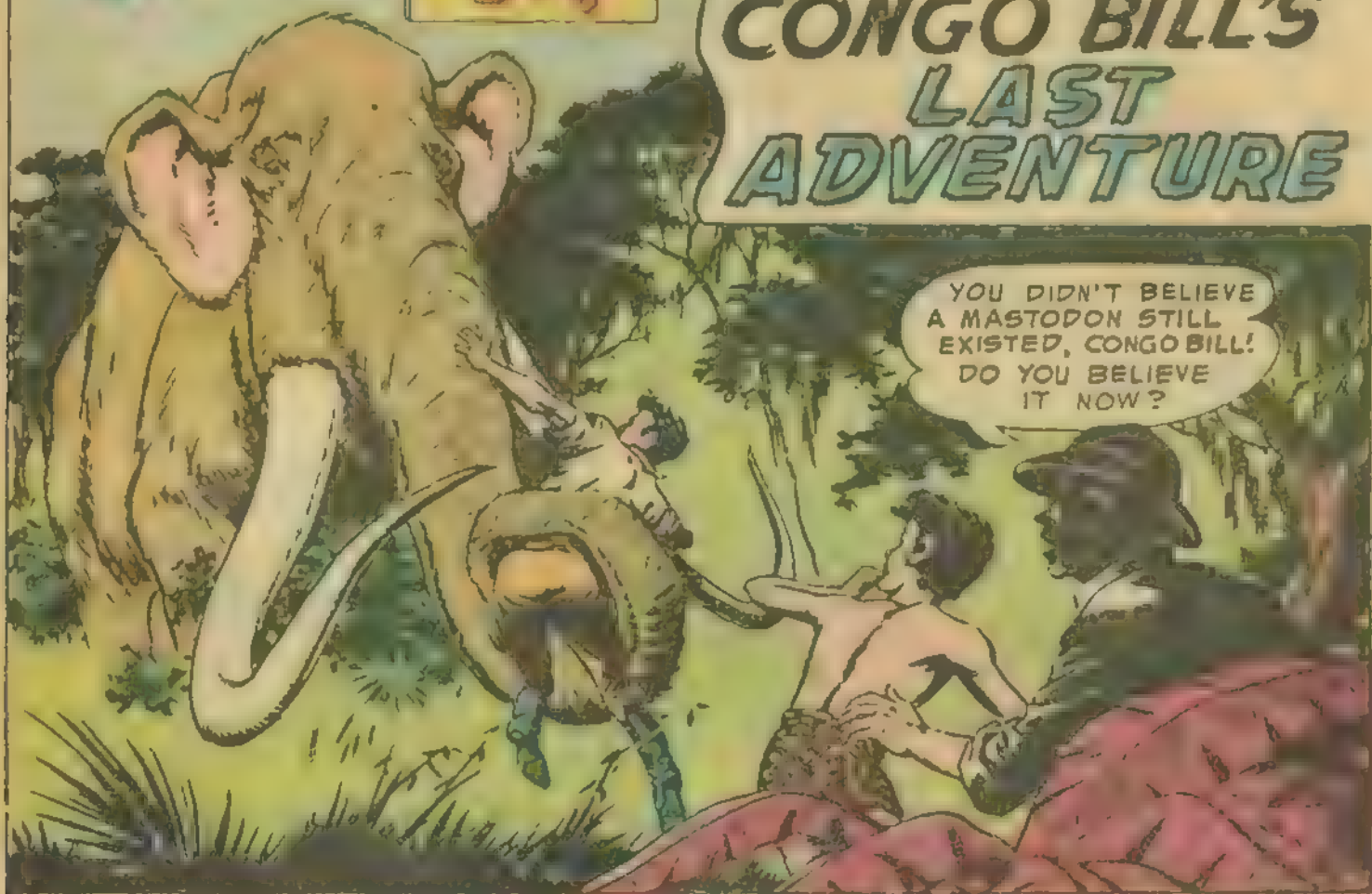


CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle Boy

UNTOLD AGES AGO, THE VERY GROUND SHUDDERED BENEATH THE THUNDERING GIANT STEPS OF THE MASSIVE MASTODONS. BUT WHEN REPORTS OF ONE LONE SURVIVOR OF THESE PREHISTORIC BEASTS SPREAD FEAR AND TERROR THROUGH THE JUNGLE, IT WAS CONGO BILL WHO SET OUT TO PROVE THAT THE RUMORS WERE BASELESS. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THEN THAT HIS MISSION WOULD BECOME KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE JUNGLE AS...

CONGO BILL'S LAST ADVENTURE



DAWN BREAKS OVER A CAMP NESTLED DEEP IN THE JUNGLE-- AND AS JANU, YOUNG FRIEND OF CONGO BILL, AWAKENS...

CREEPING CROCODILES!
WHERE CONGO BILL GO?

I DON'T KNOW!
MR. LORING, WHO
HIRE CONGO BILL
AS GUIDE, GONE
TOO!

JUST THEN...

LOOK-- HERE
COME YOUR
CHIMP,
CHOTA!

YES-- AND HE HOLDING
LETTER IN HIS HAND!
THIS VERY ODD!



THEN, AS THE JUNGLE BOY OPENS THE LETTER BROUGHT BY CHOTA...

Dear Janu,
By the time you read this, I may be dead. I just want to tell you how it happened.

C-CONGO BILL... D-DEAD? HE'S SOB'S MY BEST FRIEND! I--I NEVER FORGET HIM!

WHY YOU NOT READ REST OF LETTER, JANU?



THROUGH TEAR-DIMMING EYES, JANU READS CONGO BILL'S LAST WORDS...

"LAST NIGHT, JANU, I WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY A NOISE--"



"AND WHEN I STOOD UP..."

LORING! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? COME BACK HERE, YOU FOOL-- YOU'LL BE KILLED WANDERING OFF INTO THE JUNGLE BY YOURSELF!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME, CONGO BILL!

"WHEN I CAUGHT UP WITH LORING..."

YOU'RE PURPOSELY TRYING TO PREVENT ME FROM PHOTOGRAPHING THAT MASTODON! WHY? IS IT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T STAND FOR ANYONE ELSE TO BECOME AS FAMOUS AS YOU?

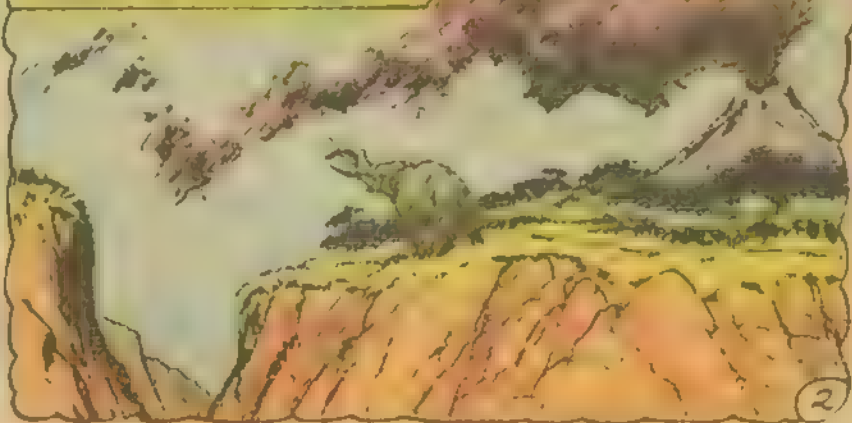
YOU'RE TALKING LIKE AN IDIOT, LORING! YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT LEGEND ABOUT A MASTODON THAT SURVIVED FROM THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! IT'S SILLY!



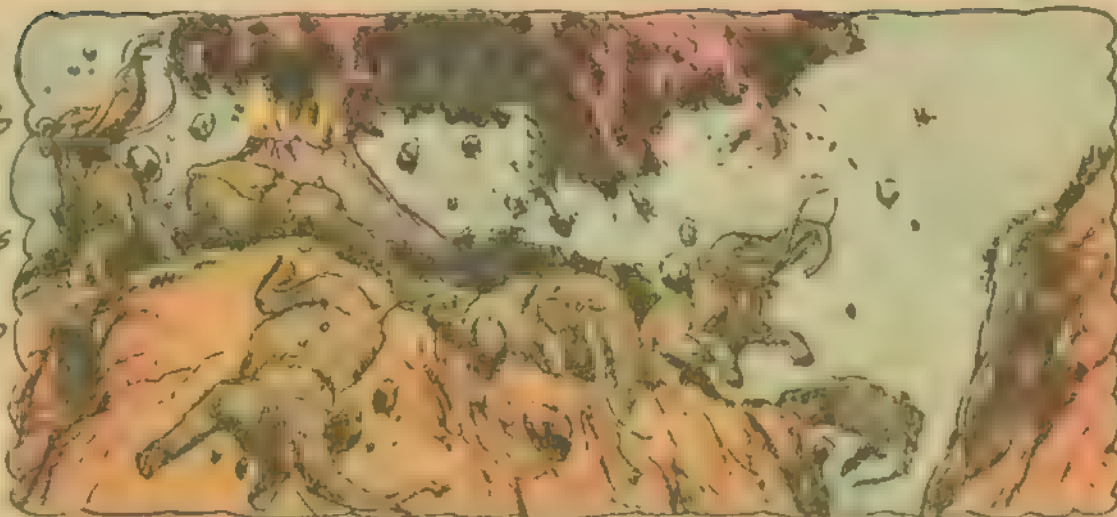
IS IT SILLY? THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS PHOTO OF A MASTODON'S PRINT? I TOOK IT MYSELF!

I--ER-- CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT! IT MAY BE SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

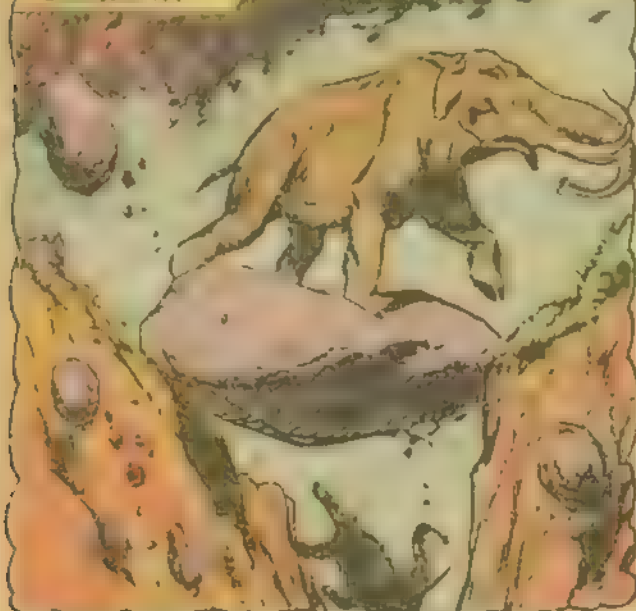
"BUT WAS IT A JOKE, JANU? OF COURSE, YOU REMEMBER THE LEGEND ABOUT THAT HIGH PLATEAU, CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE JUNGLE BY A DEEP CHASM ON ALL SIDES..."



A HERD OF MASTODONS WAS BELIEVED TO LIVE ON THIS PLATEAU, WHERE THEY ESCAPED THE FATE OF ALL THE OTHER MASTODONS THAT ROAMED THE EARTH THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, THE VOLCANO ONE DAY BLEW ITS TOP... KILLING ALL OF THE GREAT BEASTS BUT ONE!



"THE SURVIVOR MANAGED TO ESCAPE IN A GREAT BOULDER SPOWN UP BY THE VOLCANO AND SPANNING THE CANYON..."



"SINCE THEN, STORIES OF THE MASTODON'S MASSIVE POWER HAVE COME OUT OF THE JUNGLE..."



"OF COURSE, I BELIEVED NONE OF THOSE STORIES..."

"BUT LORING, AN ANTHROPOLOGIST, DID BELIEVE THEM--AND HE WAS DETERMINED TO PHOTOGRAPH THE BIG BEAST!"

"I'M GOING TO TRY TO FIND IT, CONGO BILL-- NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY!"

"IN THAT CASE, I'D BETTER ACCOMPANY YOU OR YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET KILLED!"

"AND THEN, I HEARD A SOUND BEHIND ME..."

"WHY, CHOTA IS FOLLOWING ME! ALL RIGHT-- COME ALONG, CHIMP... I MAY NEED YOUR HELP!"

"HOURS LATER, WE REACHED THE STRIP OF JUNGLE WHERE THE MASTODON WAS LAST REPORTED, AND THERE..."

"LOOK-- A MASTODON FOOTPRINT! IT'S TRUE, CONGO BILL-- TRUE!"

"YES-- SO I SEE. I'M CONVINCED."





ACTION COMICS



CONGO BILL! THE MASTODON COULD BE ANYWHERE AROUND HERE! WE MIGHT EVEN RUN RIGHT INTO IT!

I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, LORING! GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO WRITE TO CARL... IT--IT MAY BE THE LAST I'VE HE'LL EVER HEAR FROM ME! I'LL SEND CHOTA BACK WITH IT!

Poor Congo Bill... there's still time to save him!

MAYBE NOT, JANU! MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME TO SAVE HIM!

YOU RIGHT--THERE MIGHT STILL BE CHANCE!

COME ON, BOMBO--LET ME UP! AND YOU COME TOO, CHOTA... WE TRY FIND CONGO BILL!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MYSTERIOUS STRIP OF JUNGLE... IT'S DAWN ALREADY--AND NO SIGN OF THAT MASTODON! I TOLD YOU IT WAS JUST A LEGEND!

SAT--THE GROUND... IT'S--IT'S SHAKING!

AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE PAIR GAPES INCREDULOUSLY AT A SIGHT NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED BY MODERN MAN...

THE MASTODON! I--I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

THINK OF IT-- I'LL BE THE FIRST MAN IN THE WORLD TO PHOTOGRAPH A MASTODON!

SPOKE... LOOK, CONGO BILL! THAT HIPPO... IT'S CHARGING THE MASTODON!

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WAS NEVER NOTED FOR ITS BRAINS, LORING!

WITH A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE TRUNK, THE PREHISTORIC BEAST MAKES SHORT SHRIFT OF HIS MODERN ADVERSARY...

WHAT POWER! TAKE A PICTURE, LORING-- AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



AT THAT MOMENT, HOWEVER...

OH, OH... HE'S SCENTED US!

HE'LL KILL US... UNLESS I CAN GET HIM FIRST!



BUT AS CONGO BILL FIRES...

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

Y-YOUR BULLETS ARE BOUNCING RIGHT OFF HIM! WE'RE DOOMED!



ALL AT ONCE, THE MASTODON VEERS TO FACE ANOTHER INTRUDER...

LOOK--IT'S JANU!

JANU, KEEP AWAY! YOU CAN'T HELP US... YOU'LL ONLY GET KILLED!



WE'RE SAVED! JANU'S ATTRACTING THE MASTODON AWAY FROM US!

YES--BUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HIM AND BOMBO WHEN THAT MONSTER CATCHES UP TO THEM? COME ON!



THE STRANGE CHASE CONTINUES UNTIL...

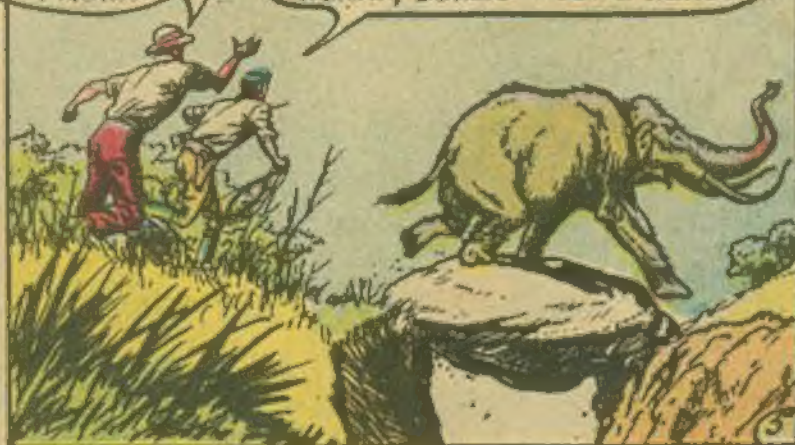
THAT RIGHT, BOMBO... YOU HIDE IN TALL GRASS WHILE I MAKE MASTODON FOLLOW ME ACROSS CHASM!



AND SOON, AS CONGO BILL AND LORING CATCH UP...

LOOK--JANU LED THE MASTODON TO THE PLATEAU IT CAME FROM!

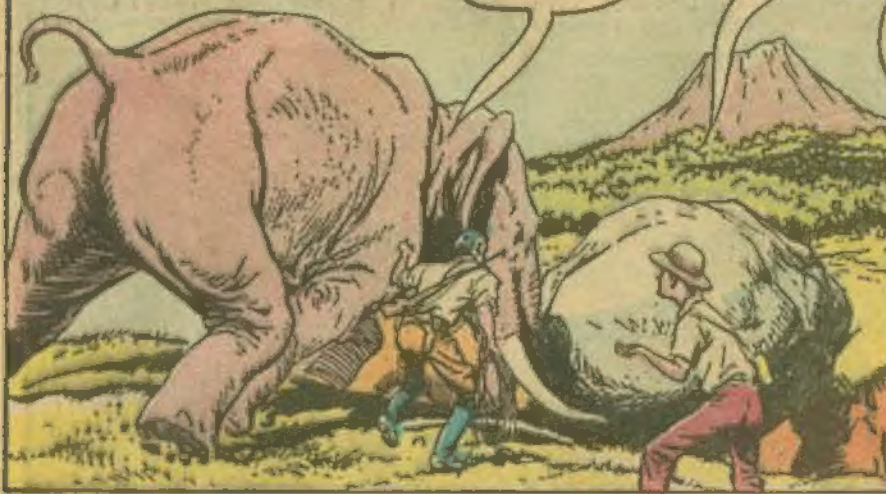
YES... AND NOW I SEE THE PLAN HE HAS IN MIND! BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE... HURRY, BOMBO-- COME HERE!



TENSE SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S IT, BOMBO--
PUSH! PUSH
HARD!

I DON'T
GET IT!



AND AS THE BOULDER STARTS TO
TOPPLE...

NOW I SEE!

THAT'LL KEEP THE MASTODON
ON THE OTHER SIDE... BUT
IT'LL ALSO KEEP JANU
ON THE **SAME** SIDE!

THAT WAS
JANU'S
IDEA...
THE REST
IS UP TO
ME!



UNHERRINGLY, CONGO BILL'S
ROPE SNAKES ACROSS THE
CHASM, AND...

GOT IT!
NOW I TIE IT
TO TREE!



SHORTLY...

THAT'S IT,
JANU--JUST A
LITTLE FARTHER!



AND SO, FINALLY...

I SURE GLAD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN,
CONGO BILL!
I THINK FOR
SURE YOU
DEAD!

YES... BUT LITTLE
DID I KNOW THAT
MY FAREWELL LET-
TER TO YOU WOULD
RESULT IN YOUR
SAVING MY LIFE!

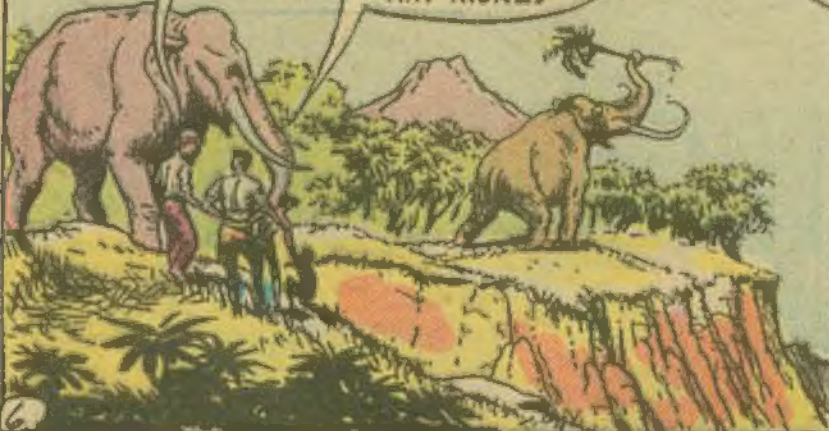


WHAT ABOUT
THE MASTODON,
CONGO BILL?

IT WON'T DO ANYONE ANY HARM THERE!
AND SINCE IT'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT
ON EARTH, IT'LL EVENTUALLY DIE
OUT-- AND THERE WON'T BE
ANY MORE!

HEY--I
FORGOT TO
TAKE A
PICTURE OF
HIM!

FORGET IT, LORING-- NO ONE
WOULD BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY!
THEY'D SAY YOU'D FAKED
THE PHOTO!



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